GRADED LITERATURE READERS THIRD BOOK

MAYNARD, MERRILL & CO
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Columbus watching from the deck of his ship. [*See page 28.*]

GRADED LITERATURE READERS

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THIRD BOOK

MAYNARD, MERRILL, & CO., PUBLISHERS

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PREFACE

It is believed that the Graded Literature Readers will commend themselves to thoughtful teachers by their careful grading, their sound methods, and the variety and literary character of their subject-matter.

They have been made not only in recognition of the growing discontent with the selections in the older readers, but also with an appreciation of the value of the educational features which many of those readers contained. Their chief points of divergence from other new books, therefore, are their choice of subject-matter and their conservatism in method.

A great consideration governing the choice of all the selections has been that they shall interest children. The difficulty of learning to read is minimized when the interest is aroused.

School readers, which supply almost the only reading of many children, should stimulate a taste for good literature and awaken interest in a wide range of subjects.

In the Graded Literature Readers good literature has been presented as early as possible, and the classic tales and fables, to which constant allusion is made in literature and daily life, are largely used.

Nature study has received due attention. The lessons on scientific subjects, though necessarily simple at first, preserve always a strict accuracy.

The careful drawings of plants and animals, and the illustrations in color—many of them photographs from nature—will be attractive to the pupil and helpful in connection with nature study.

No expense has been spared to maintain a high standard in the illustrations, and excellent engravings of masterpieces are given throughout the series with a view to quickening appreciation of the best in art.

These books have been prepared with the hearty sympathy and very practical assistance of many distinguished educators in different parts of the country, including some of the most successful teachers of reading in primary, intermediate, and advanced grades.

Thanks are due to the following for their courteous permission to use copyrighted material in this book: to Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, for the story, "How Lulu Got Lost"; to The Educational Publishing Co., for Miss Beckwith's story, "The Boy who Hated Trees"; and to Messrs. E. Plon, Nourrit et Cie., for permission to reproduce M. Boutet de Monvel's illustrations for La Fontaine's fables.

INTRODUCTION

The Third Reader marks a further development of the plan on which the first two books of the Series are based. The general character of its subject-matter is the same as that of the Second Reader, but the pupil's increased vocabulary and greater facility in reading make possible a wider choice of literature.

The stories of child life are of a pure and wholesome influence, but in none of them has the pupil's interest in the story been sacrificed by the insertion of an obtrusive moral. The fairy stories will be found stimulating to the imagination, and it is believed that they will lead to an appreciation of what is permanently good in literature. A few of the Greek classic stories are also given. These are well adapted to a child's comprehension and give an early familiarity with themes constantly recurring in literature and art.

In this book, as in the Second Reader, word lists and language and phonetic exercises are provided in abundance. It will be noticed, however, that in the lists of new words at the head of the lessons those of the simplest phonic construction are omitted.

The primary purpose of a reading book is to give pupils the mastery of the printed page, but through oral reading it also becomes a source of valuable training of the vocal organs. Almost every one finds pleasure in listening to good reading. Many feel that the power to give this pleasure comes only as a natural gift, but an analysis of the art shows that with practice any normal child may acquire it. The qualities which are essential to good oral reading may be considered in three groups :

First—An agreeable voice and clear articulation, which, although possessed by many children naturally, may also be cultivated.

Second—Correct inflection and emphasis, with that due regard for rhetorical pauses which will appear whenever a child fully understands what he is reading and is sufficiently interested in it to lose his self-consciousness.

Third—Proper pronunciation, which can be acquired only by association or by direct teaching.

Clear articulation implies accurate utterance of each syllable and a distinct termination of one syllable before another is begun.

Frequent drill on pronunciation and articulation before or after the reading lesson will be found profitable in teaching the proper pronunciation of new words and in overcoming faulty habits of speech.

Attention should be called to the omission of unaccented syllables in such words as *history* (not *histry*), *valuable* (not *valuble*), and to the substitution of *unt* for *ent*, *id* for *ed*, *iss* for *ess*, *unce* for *ence*, *in* for *ing*, in such words as *moment*, *delighted*, *goodness*, *sentence*, *walking*. Pupils should also learn to make such distinctions as appear between *u* long, as in *duty*, and *u* after *r*, as in *rude*; between *a* as in *hat*, *a* as in *far*, and *a* as in *ask*.

The above hints are suggestive only. The experienced teacher will devise for herself exercises fitting special cases which arise in her own work. It will be found that the best results are secured when the interest of the class is sustained and when the pupil who is reading aloud is made to feel that it is his personal duty and privilege to arouse and hold this interest by conveying to his fellow pupils, in an acceptable manner, the thought presented on the printed page.

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Hercules and the Wagoner
The Miller, his Son, and their Donkey
The Fox and the Crow

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Hiawatha's Hunting
Robert of Lincoln
Work
Farewell Advice

THIRD READER

dän′gẽr dȯv*e* shōr*e* märk

The Dove and the Ant

1. One day an ant fell into a river. As she could not swim, she was in danger of being drowned.

2. But a dove took pity on her, and dropped a leaf into the water near her.

She climbed upon it, and was soon carried safe to shore.

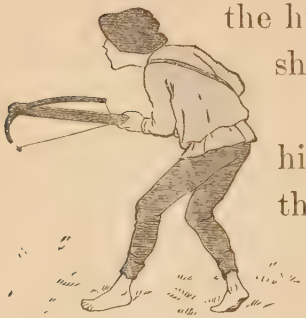
3. The ant did not forget this act of kindness. You shall hear how she in her turn saved the dove's life.

The dove dropped a leaf.

4. A hunter passed the tree where the dove and his mate were building their nest. They were so busy with their work that they did not see him aim at them.

5. But the little ant saw the danger, and, as the hunter was about to shoot, she bit him on the heel.

6. He started aside, and his arrow flew wide of the mark.



He was about to shoot.

He started aside.

A hunter is one who ——.
A worker is one who ——.
One who reads is a ——.
One who writes is a ——.

---

r o͝o͝k	cū′rĭ *o*ŭs	blē*at*	n*eighed*
ŏx′*en*	cûrt′sĭ*ed*	Lū′çў	sew′ing

Good-Night and Good-Morning

1. A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work, good-night, good-night!"

A fair little girl sat under a tree.

2. Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying, "Caw! Caw!" on their way to bed;
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good-night, good-night!"

3. The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,
The sheep's "Bleat! Bleat!" came over the road;
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good-night, good-night!"

4. She did not say to the sun, "Good-night!"
Though she saw him there like a ball of light;
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

5. The tall pink foxglove bowed his head;
The violets curtsied, and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

6. And, while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day,
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good-morning, good-morning! our work is begun."

MONCKTON MILNES, LORD HOUGHTON

Find words in the poem to tell what each animal does:

The horse ——. The ox ——. The sheep ——. The rook ——.

I Ŏ dȳs′sēus ēast fôught II whĭz
Æ′ŏ lŭs rēach īs′land à grēed′

The Bag of Winds

I

1. Years ago, in a far-off country, there lived a great man named Odysseus. He did so many wonderful deeds that this book might be filled with stories about him. I will tell you one of them now. Some day you will read others.

Odysseus

2. Odysseus fought bravely in a long war. When the war was over, he took his men in his ship and started home.

3. But one thing after another kept him back, and he was ten years on the way. In this time he went to many strange lands and saw many queer things and people.

4. At one time he came to the island where Æolus, the king of the winds, lived. Æolus kept all the winds shut up, and only let them out, one at a time, when he wished a wind to blow.

5. He ruled the north wind with its snow and ice, and the south wind with its flowers; the east wind, which brings rain for the plants, and the west wind, which blows the leaves from the trees.

6. King Æolus was glad to see Odysseus and to hear about his great deeds.

7. When Odysseus sailed away in his ship, the king gave him a queer present. It was a great bag tied with a silver string.

8. You could never guess what was in it, so I shall have to tell you. All the winds but one were shut up in this bag. That one was the east wind, which would take the ship home.

9. "Do not open the bag while you are on the ship," said the king. "If you do, the winds will rush out and drive you far away over the seas. It will be a long time before you reach your home."

II

10. You may be sure that Odysseus took great care of the bag. He told his men not to touch it.

11. The men would look at it and wonder what was in it. They thought it must hold a great treasure.

12. The east wind blew for nine days and nights. The ship dashed through the waves on its way home.

13. All this time Odysseus did not darè sleep, for fear something might happen to the ship. At last he grew so tired that he fell asleep.

14. Then one of the men said: "Let us peep into the bag and see what it holds. Odysseus will never know that we have looked."

The other men agreed, so they untied the silver string.

15. Whiz! Out rushed the winds with a roar. They dashed great waves over the ship, and swept some of the bad sailors into the sea.

16. You know that one wind can do much harm. Think what a storm there was when all the winds at once blew as hard as they could!

Out rushed the winds with a roar,

17. Odysseus started to his feet. He saw at once what the men had done. He could not put the winds back into the bag. It was all he could do to keep the ship from being dashed to pieces.

18. The storm lasted many days. The winds blew the ship far away over the seas, and many years passed before Odysseus reached his home.

---

danger	fair	fare	ant
manger	hair	hare	past
stranger	pair	pare	passed

The Wind

1. Who has seen the wind?
   Neither I nor you;
   But when the leaves hang trembling,
   The wind is passing through

2. Who has seen the wind?
   Neither you nor I;
   But when the trees bow down their heads,
   The wind is passing by.

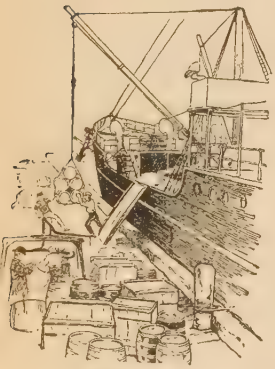
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

I fôr′tū nāte salt II crē*a*′tūre cŏr′al
cŏt′*t*on cä*l*m fi̇ērçe pŏl′y̆p

The Sea

I

1. Have you ever seen the sea on a calm summer day? How beautiful it is! The blue water dances in the sunshine. It is pleasant to watch the boats with their white sails, and to see the great ships going to and fro.



Lading a ship

2. Some of these ships sail over the sea to far-off lands. They take wheat, cotton, and other things to the people there. They bring back tea, cloth, and many other things for us. The sea is like a great road from one land to another.

3. But the great sea road is not always a pleasant one for sailors. There are days when the wind blows and the waves are high. Sometimes strong ships are dashed to pieces in a storm.

4. Then some of the poor sailors may be drowned. But some, more fortunate than these, get into little boats, and float about until they are picked up by passing ships. Sometimes they float about many days without food or water.

A shipwreck

5. You may think it queer for them to want water when the great sea is all around them. But the sea water is salt, and men cannot live if they have only sea water to drink. When you are at the seaside, taste the water and see how salt it is.

II

6. We cannot drink the salt water, but many animals and plants live in the sea. Some of these are so beautiful that men go down under the water to get them.

7. In some parts of the world the sea water is warm all the year round. Here, in the deep, calm water, wonderful little animals called coral polyps have their home.

8. Many of these little creatures are very beautiful. They make the pretty red coral which you have seen. They also make coral islands on which many people live. Is it not wonderful that these small creatures can build great islands? It takes many, many polyps long years to form an island.

9. But of all sea creatures fish are the ones you know best. The fish of the sea are larger than those of the streams. Some of these sea fish are very fierce, but most of them do no harm and are of use to us. They are good for food.

Sea birds

10. Many birds have their homes on the seashore. They live on the fish which they catch. One of these birds will float in the air over the waves. All at once it will drop into the water, and come up with a fish.

11. Many of these fishing birds have strong wings, and fly far out over the water. They may be seen sailing through the air hundreds of miles from the land.

Write separately the two words which form the word *seaside*.

Copy this sentence and supply the missing word:

Coral animals are called ——.

Copy the following sentence, changing the word *small* to another word having the same meaning:

Small animals form coral islands.

calm	small	dashed	drowned
palm	salt	rushed	crowned

plŭck fēe′ble

O Sailor, Come Ashore

1. O sailor, come ashore,
   What have you brought for me?
   Red coral, white coral,
   Coral from the sea.

2. I did not dig it from the ground,
   Nor pluck it from a tree;
   Feeble insects made it
   In the stormy sea.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

I wo͝ol′ cŏmb′ẽr	II fō*ur*′tēen	voy′ăġe
mà çhĭnc′	pī′rāte	dărk′nĕss
Chris′to pher	fā′moŭs	dĭs cȯv′ẽr
Cō lŭm′bŭs	th*i*ēveȿ	V Ĭn′dĭ an
Ĭt′à lў	III *E*ū′rȯpe	Ȧ mĕr′ĭ ca
	mŏn′stẽr	

The Story of Columbus

I

1. Long ago, in a city of sunny Italy, there lived a wool comber. Do you know what a wool comber does?

2. When the wool is cut from the sheep's back, it is not fit to be woven into cloth at once. It must first be cleaned and combed out straight. This is what a wool comber did in days gone by. Now machines do the work which men once did by hand.

3. This wool comber was a poor man. He had to work hard to take care of his wife and children. He had five children—four boys and one little girl.

4. His oldest boy was named Christopher Columbus, and it is about him that this story is written.

5. Christopher went to school and learned the things which in those times it was thought a boy should know.

He also worked with his father, but he did not want to be a wool comber. He wanted to be a sailor.

6. The city in which Columbus lived was close by the sea. Christopher loved to play on the shore, and to go about among the ships which sailed to far-off lands.

7. Almost every boy in the city had a father or brother or cousin who was a sailor. Little Christopher often saw these men. He loved to hear them tell about the places they had visited and the things they had seen. No wonder that he, too, wanted to be a sailor.

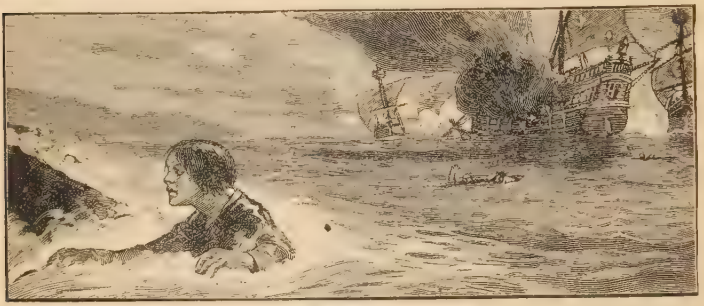
II

8. When Christopher Columbus was fourteen years old, he went to sea.

9. At that time, there were thieves on the sea as well as on the land. These sea thieves were called pirates. They went about in fast-sailing ships, and chased other ships and took away their treasures. Sometimes there

would be fierce fights, and often men were killed.

10. We are told that young Columbus was in one of these sea fights with pirates. The ship he was on caught fire. Columbus jumped



Columbus reached the shore safely.

into the water, and by swimming and floating on a piece of wood reached the shore safely.

11. Columbus went far and wide on the sea. He said that wherever man had sailed before him, there he sailed. If he had not done more than that, you and I would never have heard of him.

12. He became famous because he went where no man had sailed before him. Before I tell you what Columbus did, you shall hear what a strange thing the people of that time believed

III

13. To-day the smallest child among you knows that this earth of ours is round, but about four hundred years ago children did not know this.

14. Even men and women believed that the world was flat. They thought that if a man went on and on, he would come to the end of the earth and fall off.

15. They called the great ocean to the west of Europe the Sea of Darkness. They believed that if a man sailed out on it he would never come back again. He would come to clouds of darkness and seas of fire; great monsters would swallow his ship.

16. A few wise men did not believe these stories. They said that the earth was round, and that, if a man sailed straight west, he would at last come back to the place from which he had started.

Yet none of these wise men ever sailed west to find out if this were true.

17. Christopher Columbus heard what the wise men had said. The more he thought

about their words, and the longer he watched the sea and the sky, the more he believed that they were right. At last he made up his mind to go and find out.

18. In those days, spices, silks, and gems were brought from far-off India to Italy and other countries of Europe.

19. To reach India, ships sailed to the east for weeks and weeks. When they were filled with the treasures for which they had gone, they turned about and sailed back to Italy. This was a long and costly voyage.

20. Now Columbus said that if the earth was round, as he believed it was, he could reach India in a shorter time by sailing to the west. Then, when his ships were filled with the treasures of India, he would start home, still sailing westward. In this way he would prove that the earth is round.

21. But to do all this, Columbus needed ships and money, and he had neither. He went to many rich and learned men, and asked their help. They only laughed at him.

22. Years passed; still Columbus found no

one to help him, but he would not give up. At last he went to Spain, and the good queen gave him three little ships and sent some men to sail with him.

One of the ships

23. With these he started across the sea to discover the new way to India.

IV

24. Columbus and his men little thought how long it would be before they saw land again. Two, three, four weeks went by, and still no land was in sight.

25. The men thought of the old stories about the Sea of Darkness. They feared that they would never reach their homes again. They wished to turn back, but Columbus would not do that.

26. One night clouds covered the sky. The wind blew hard, the waves rose, and there was a great storm. It lasted three days and

three nights. Then the sun shone and the sea grew calm, but still no land was in sight.

27. One day a bird came flying by. The men were glad to see it, for they knew it must have come from shore. Land could not be far away.

28. Soon other signs of land were seen. Weeds floated on the waves. Many birds were seen on the wing. Yet day after day went by and the sailors could see no land.

29. They grew angry because Columbus would not turn back. Some of them wished to kill him. Those were sad days and nights for the brave sailor.

V

30. One night Columbus was watching, as he often did. He stood on the high deck of the ship and looked over the waters. Far away a light seemed to rise and fall on the sea.

31. The next morning the longed-for land was in sight. How glad the men were to see it, and how happy Columbus was!

32. They took the small boats and rowed to

They fell on their faces and thanked God.

the shore. There they fell on their faces and kissed the ground, and thanked God who had brought them to land.

33. Strange men came to the shore to see the sailors. These men had red skins and long, straight, black hair.

Columbus thought the land he had reached was India. So he called these men Indians, and that is what we call them to this day.

34. We know now that Columbus had done more than he thought. Instead of reaching the Old World by sailing west, he had come to a New World. He had discovered America!

---

dove	wool	soon	woven
loved	rook	shoot	often
covered	stood	school	oxen

I Gĕr′ma nў	gu*ī*de	sĕv′ĕr al	kīnd′lў
shĕp′*h*ĕrd	trŭst	af fec′tion	sẽrv′ant
rŏb′bẽr	ẽ*a*rn	fā*i*th′fụl lў	prā*i*se
vĭl′lā*g*e	II sẽrv*e*	*h*ŏn′ĕs tў	prĭn*ç*e

Hans, the Shepherd Boy

I

1. A long time ago there lived in Germany a little shepherd boy named Hans. One day he was watching his sheep in a meadow near a great wood, when a hunter came up to him from the forest.

2. "How far is it to the nearest village, my boy?" asked the hunter.

"It is six miles, sir," Hans answered. "But the road is only a sheep track, and it is very easy to miss it."

3. The hunter looked grave, and said: "My boy, I have been lost in this wood. I am tired and hungry. Leave your sheep here and show me the way, and I will pay you well."

4. Many boys would have gone at once; but Hans said: "I cannot leave the sheep, sir. They would stray into the wood and be eaten by wolves or taken by robbers."

5. "Well, what of that?" replied the hunter. "They are not your sheep. The loss of one or two would not be much to your master, and I will give you more than you could earn in a whole year."

6. "Sir, I cannot go," said Hans. "My master pays me to take care of his sheep, and I cannot leave them until my day's work is done. Besides, if any of the sheep were lost, I should be as much to blame as if I had taken them."

7. "Well, then," said the hunter, "will you trust your sheep with me, while you go to the village and get me some food and a guide? I will take care of them for you."

8. The boy shook his head.

"The sheep do not know your voice, and——" Then he stopped speaking.

"And what?" asked the hunter. "Can't you trust me? Do I look like a thief?"

9. "No," said Hans; "but you have tried to make me break my word to my master, and how do I know that you would keep your word?"

10. The hunter laughed. "You are right, my boy," said he. "I wish I could trust my servants as your master can trust you. Well, show me the sheep path of which you spoke, and I will try to follow it without a guide."

II

11. As the man was speaking, several hunters rode up. They gave a cry of joy when they saw their master.

"Oh, sir!" cried one of them, "we feared you were lost or killed."

12. Then, to his great surprise, Hans learned that the hunter was the prince who owned all the country round about. The poor boy was afraid that the great man would be angry with him; but the prince smiled kindly, and spoke in praise of his honesty.

13. A few days after, one of the prince's servants came to take Hans to the palace.

"My good boy," said the prince to him, "I think you are a boy whom I can trust, and I want you to serve me."

14. So Hans became a servant of the prince. He worked faithfully; and though he never

Hans and the prince

became rich or great or famous, he lived a contented life, happy in the trust and affection of his kind master.

---

master	servant	coral	guide
monster	giant	several	guess
sister	distant	animal	guard

---

här′bor	quay	squal′ĭng	cŭd′dle

The Moon

1. The moon has a face like the clock in the hall;
   She shines on thieves on the garden wall,
   On streets and fields and harbor quays,
   And birdies asleep in the forks of the trees.

2. The squalling cat and the squeaking mouse,
   The howling dog by the door of the house,
   The bat that lies in bed at noon,
   All love to be out by the light of the moon.

3. But all of the things that belong to the day
   Cuddle to sleep to be out of her way;
   And flowers and children close their eyes
   Till up in the morning the sun shall arise.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

I răg′gĕd	wo͝od′pĕck ẽr	pre͟y	II snīp*e*
dĭrt′y̆	spăr′ro͡w	ho͝ok*ed*	dĭf′fẽr ent
păr′rọt	nō′tĭc*e*	ē*a*′g*le*	strā*i*n′ẽr

Birds—I. Bills

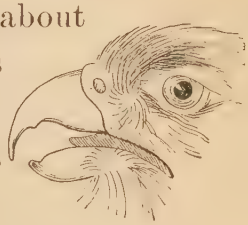
I

1. Have you ever thought how many uses a bird makes of its bill?

In the first place, the bill is its mouth. The bird uses the hard edges and sharp point as you use your lips and teeth.

2. A bird does not like to have its feathers ragged or dirty. It cleans and smooths and oils them every day, using its bill as brush and comb.

3. A bird also uses its bill in place of hands, to pick things up and to carry them about. You may notice how a bird flies about with bits of straw and grass in its bill when building its nest.



A hawk's bill

4. The bills of birds are always suited to their food and habits. The duck could not get on at all with a curved bill like the hawk's, and the

woodpecker would find it hard to do his work with the sparrow's short bill.

A sparrow's bill

5. Sparrows and many other birds which eat seeds and berries have short bills.

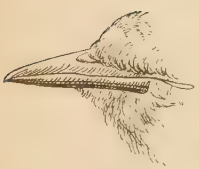
6. The hawk, eagle, and other flesh-eating birds also have short bills, but not like the sparrow's. They are much stronger, as they are used for tearing prey to pieces. The upper part is curved like a hook, and is bent down over the lower part.

A parrot's bill

7. Parrots, too, have hooked bills, which they use in climbing. Sometimes they sleep hanging from a tree by their strong bills.

II

8. Have you ever noticed what big mouths swallows have? Most insect-eating birds snap up the insects in their bills, but swallows dart through the air with their mouths open like traps to catch flies and other insects.



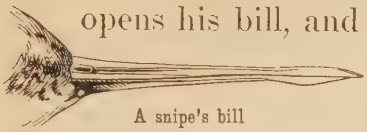
A swallow's bill

9. The woodpecker drills holes in dead trees to get the worms and insects he likes to

eat. The two parts of his bill fit together, making a good drill.

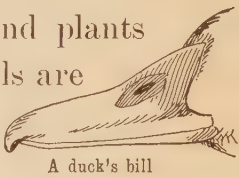
A woodpecker's bill

10. The woodpecker works away until he comes to an insect; then he opens his bill, and shoots his long, sharp tongue like an arrow into the insect.


A snipe's bill

11. Snipe and some other water birds feed on the worms in the mud at the bottom of streams. These birds need long, sharp bills.

12. Other water birds get food in a different way. Some ducks eat insects and plants which live in the water. Their bills are long, but broad and flat. At each side there is a kind of strainer, which holds back the food, but lets the mud and water pass through.


A duck's bill

Draw a picture of the swallow's bill; of the parrot's bill; of the snipe's bill.

Name some birds you have seen and tell what kinds of bills they have.

girl	earn	work	burn
bird	learn	world	turn
dirt	heard	worm	curve

tēaşe	pŏl′ĭ tĭcs	dŏn̲′kĕў
Frănçe	nûrs′ẽr ў	wo͝ol′ĕn

When

1. When cherries grow on apple trees,
   And kittens wear lace caps,
   And boys their sisters never tease,
   And bears wear woolen wraps;
   When all the nursery dolls and toys
   Begin to dance and play,
   Then little girls and little boys
   May lie in bed all day.

2. When donkeys learn to sing and dance,
   When pigs talk politics,
   When London is a town in France,
   When two and two make six,
   When drops of rain are real pearls,
   When coal is clear and white,
   Then little boys and little girls
   May sit up late at night.

G. CLIFTON BINGHAM

I Běn′jў	pŭn′ĭsh	whĕth′ĕr	cō*u*r*s*e
t*au*g*h*t	II prĭck	el′e phant	IV lē*a*d′ĕr
wĭl′lō*w*	III prā*i*′rĭ*e*	pŏck′ĕt	V gr*ie*f

Benjy in Beastland

I

1. Benjy was a naughty boy who was cruel to animals. He liked to hurt them and to see them in pain. It is hard to believe that this could be true of any one, yet it was true of Benjy.

2. Benjy had no brothers, but he had two little sisters younger than he. They were dear, merry little things. Many boys would have found it pleasant to play with them, but Benjy did not.

One of his sisters said: "Benjy does not care for us because we are only girls. So we have taken Nox for our playmate."

3. Nox was a big, black dog. He liked to play with the little girls, but he liked best of all to swim about in the river near their home.

4. It was his delight to go into the water

and bring out everything which he thought ought not to be there. He put all these things under an old willow tree by the side of the river.

Nox

5. I must tell you that Benjy did not like Nox. This bad boy had tied stones around the necks of cats and dogs, and dropped them into the river. Nox had brought them out and put them under the willow tree, and so Benjy had been found out and punished.

II

6. There was another dog at Benjy's home. This was a little brown dog named Mr. Rough. He was used to blows. His eyes had been almost scratched out by cats, and his bark sounded as if he had a bad cold.

7. If Benjy liked any dog, it was Mr. Rough. Yet he treated him worse than he did Nox. Mr. Rough was small, and Nox was too big to be ill-used.

8. But one day Benjy did play a trick on Nox. The big dog was asleep. Benjy crept near, so as to prick his lip with a fine needle. This hurt poor Nox sadly, and he jumped up with a start. Benjy laughed and ran away.

9. Then Benjy went out and began to throw stones at a little dog. At last one of the stones killed the dog, and the bad boy threw it into the river.

10. That night Benjy could not sleep. He thought about the little dog, and wished he had not thrown it into the river. That was not because he was sorry he had killed it, but he felt sure that Nox would bring it out. Then he would be punished.

11. Nox would be sure to be out early in the morning to get things from the river. Benjy did not always wake up early, so he thought it would be best to go out that night, and get the dog out of the water and hide it. So he got up and went down to the river.

12. He looked up through the branches of the willow tree. The moon was shining down at him. It seemed very large and very

near. Benjy thought if he were in the top of the tree he could touch it with his hand.

13. Then he thought of a story book in

As Benjy climbed, the moon grew larger.

which he had read that all animals went to the moon when they died.

"I wonder if the dog I killed is up there," said Benjy.

14. The Man in the Moon looked down, and, much to Benjy's surprise, said: "This is Beastland. Won't you come up and see it? But perhaps you can't climb."

"Yes, I can," said Benjy, and he climbed into the tree.

15. He went from one branch to another. The moon grew larger and larger as he climbed, but when he was on the topmost branch, he could see nothing but a white light all around him.

16. "Walk in," said the Man in the Moon. "Put out your feet and don't be frightened."

So Benjy put his feet down and dropped. He thought he was falling into the river. But all at once he found himself in Beastland.

III

17. It was a very queer place. There were many animals there, and they were all kind and polite to Benjy.

18. A great elephant took Benjy on his back for a ride. The wasp showed him her nest. The ants took him to see their great earth cities. The prairie-dogs showed him the houses they had made for themselves. A spider wanted to teach him to make a web.

19. "When you are ready to begin," the spider said, "find a place where you can tie

your first line. Of course you have a ball of thread inside you."

20. "I can't say that I have," said Benjy, "but I have some string in my pocket."

"That's all right," said the spider. "I call it thread; you call it string. Whether it's in your pocket or body is all the same."

21. As this lesson was going on, a little bird flew in and told all the animals who and what Benjy was.

22. Dear me! What a change that made. The beasts were no longer friendly and kind to him. They called him "boy." In Beastland "boy" is as bad a name as "beast" is with us.

IV

23. The animals took Benjy to the lion, the king of beasts, and asked what should be done with him.

The lion said: "First let us hear what Benjy has to say for himself."

So the beasts placed themselves in a circle around Benjy.

24. "What has this boy done?" asked the lion.

"He stones dogs! He hunts and kills cats!" cried all the animals.

25. "No; Mr. Rough kills the cats," said Benjy, who was beginning to be frightened.

"Send for Mr. Rough," said the lion.

Soon Mr. Rough trotted into the circle, with his short tail standing straight up.

26. "Mr. Rough," the lion said, "Benjy says it is you and not he who kills the cats."

"Bow-wow-wow!" cried Mr. Rough. "Am I to blame? Bow-wow! Who taught me to do it? That bad boy there. Bow-wow!"

27. Benjy was not only cruel, but he had taught the poor little dog to be cruel. The beasts were angry when they heard this, and they made up their minds to punish Benjy.

28. "Gentle beasts, birds, and fishes," said the lion, "you know how this boy has treated us. He must be punished. Do not let us be unkind to him as he has been to us. But he is not good enough to stay with us. Let us tie a tin can to him and chase him from Beastland. Mr. Rough shall be our leader."

Benjy was chased out of Beastland.

V

29. This was done at once. The lion gave a great roar as a sign for the chase to begin. Benjy was chased out of Beastland with the tin can fastened to him, and with the dog at his heels. When he got to the edge of the moon, he jumped off, and Mr. Rough jumped after him.

30. Down, down they went till they fell into the river. Mr. Rough swam ashore, but Benjy could not swim.

31. As he sank in the water, he thought of the many unkind things he had done. He thought of the dogs and cats he had drowned, and of how cruel he had been to Nox. Then he came to the top of the water, and saw the big dog standing on the bank above him.

32. He thought: "Now Nox has come to hurt me because I hurt him."

As he sank again, a black nose came close to his face. The soft mouth he had hurt took hold of Benjy. Then the good dog carried him to the shore, and laid him under the willow tree by the side of two dead dogs, a kitten, and an old hat.

33. Benjy's father found him there and took him home. He was sick a long time. When he grew better, he told about his visit to Beastland. His friends did not believe him. They said he had fallen into the river while asleep, and had dreamed about Beastland.

34. His little sisters were very kind while he was in bed. Benjy learned to like to play with them. He learned to love their pets, and he grew much kinder and gentler.

35. But a sad thing happened which at last made his heart quite soft. While he was sick, Mr. Rough was kept out of the room. This made the little dog sad, for he loved his master, though Benjy had often been unkind to him.

Mr. Rough jumped into Benjy's arms.

36. One day, when Benjy was getting better, he asked to see Mr. Rough. The door opened, and the little dog dashed in. When Benjy heard him coming, he sat up and held out his arms. Mr. Rough jumped into them, and then fell dead at his feet. Yes, he died of joy at seeing his master.

37. Benjy was very sorry, and his grief almost made him ill again. But in his grief for his faithful little friend, he felt that he could never again be cruel to any animal.

JULIANA HORATIA EWING

A fault confessed is half redressed.

A shooting match between the Pilgrims and the Indians

I Eng′land prĭş′on II Vĭr gĭn′ĭ à här′vĕst
Hŏl′land cà năl′ Māy′flow ẽr chi*ē*f
wor′ship Eng′lish blē*a*k IV flăx
făm′ĭ lў dīk*e* III Thănks′gĭv ĭng sẽr′mŏn

Mary Allerton—The Story of a Little Pilgrim

I

1. Nearly three hundred years ago a little girl came to this country from the other side of the ocean. Her name was Mary Allerton, and her father was one of the Pilgrims. The

Pilgrims were people who had left their homes in England to seek a place where they might worship God in their own way.

2. Mary's father was a tailor. He had plenty of work and a pleasant home in London. He was a good man, but he did not like to go to the king's church.

3. Now the king had said that every one who went to any other church than his should be sent to prison. Do you think this was right? In our free country a man may go to any church he pleases.

4. Mary's father learned that in Holland, a country not far away, he could worship as he pleased. So he left London with his family, and crossed in a ship to Holland. This was the first time Mary had ever been on the sea.

5. In Holland Mary saw many strange things. She saw the windmills which pump the water and grind the grain for the people. She saw the canals which take the place of roads, and the great walls, called dikes, which keep the sea from overflowing the low, level lands.

6. Although Mary's father could worship as he pleased in the new home, he soon felt it would be best not to stay there.

7. Mary often heard him and his friends talk about Virginia, a land across the sea. They said they could live there under the rule of the King of England, and yet be free to worship God as they pleased.

8. At last they made up their minds to go to Virginia. So they bought a little ship called the Mayflower, and sailed away across the ocean.

9. At first Mary and the other children liked to watch the waves and to see the big fish playing about in the water. But as the days passed by, they grew very tired of being shut up in the ship. Then, too, they had several storms on the way, which frightened the children very much.

10. At last, after many weeks, Mary heard a sailor cry, "Land!" There indeed was land, but it was not Virginia. The ship had sailed too far north, and had reached the

coast of what we call New England. The shore looked cold and bleak, but the people had been on the sea so long that they were glad to leave the ship.

11. How bare everything looked! There were no houses, no people; only great forests, and the gray sky stretching far, far away.

12. The Pilgrims had to live in the ship until they could build houses. On Christmas Day the work began; there was no Merry Christmas for them. Mary had no gifts, for her father and mother did not believe in keeping Christmas.

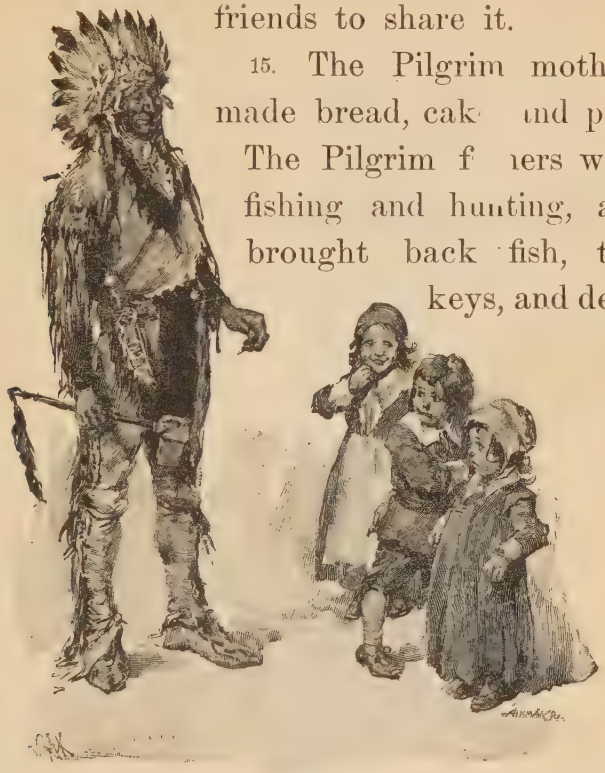
13. That was a long, sad winter for the Pilgrims. They did not have enough to eat, and many of them were ill. Before the spring came, half of the little band died of cold and hunger.

III

14. In the spring some friendly Indians helped them and showed them how to plant corn. The next year the Pilgrims had a great harvest. They had given thanks at every meal; but now they had a great

Thanksgiving feast, and invited their Indian friends to share it.

15. The Pilgrim mothers made bread, cak and pies. The Pilgrim f iers went fishing and hunting, and brought back fish, turkeys, and deer.



A strange sight for the children

16. Then the Indians came, dressed in their best beads and feathers. That was a strange sight for the children. They enjoyed it, although they were a little afraid of the painted chiefs.

17. When the feast was over, Mary had to help her mother wash the dishes. Then she watched the shooting matches between the Indians with their bows and arrows, and the Pilgrims with their guns.

18. The Pilgrims prayed and sang as well as feasted. Thus they kept the first Thanksgiving. Now we keep Thanksgiving Day every year.

IV

19. Mary's father was one of the chief men among the Pilgrims, but they were all poor and had to work hard.

20. Mary lived in a rough log house which had only one room. The cracks between the logs were filled with mud. In the window was oiled paper instead of glass, and the floor was of sand. All the cooking was done at one great fireplace, in which the pots and kettles hung.

21. Mary and the other girls were taught to spin flax and wool into thread. Their mothers wove the thread into cloth. The girls had to do many other kinds of work. The boys

went hunting and fishing with their fathers, and helped in the fields.

22. Mary had to go to church twice on Sunday and hear long sermons before and after dinner. If she grew sleepy and nodded, she was tapped on the head by a man with a long staff. It was this man's duty to keep people awake.

Spinning flax

23. Mary lived to be a very old woman. She was the last to die of those who came over in the Mayflower.

Write three sentences about Mary Allerton's Thanksgiving.

Write three sentences about your own Thanksgiving Day.

---

dressed	fastened	village	arrow
crossed	opened	voyage	sparrow
kissed	happened	courage	narrow

drĭft′ĕd dăp′ple-grā*y* pụd′dĭng
ĕx trēme′lў sle*igh* pŭmp′kĭn

Thanksgiving Day

1. Over the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

2. Over the river and through the wood—
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

3. Over the river and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play;
Hear the bells ring,
"Ting-a-ling-ding!"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

4. Over the river and through the wood,
Trot fast, my dapple-gray!
Spring over the ground,
Like a hunting hound!
For this is Thanksgiving Day.

5. Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barn-yard gate.
We seem to go
Extremely slow—
It is so hard to wait!

6. Over the river and through the wood—
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

LYDIA MARIA CHILD

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1 nĕs′tlĭng loud′lў dą*w*n ex cept′ing
märks′man ăl low′ 11 drăg*g*ed tŭm′ble

A Good Shot

I

1. Once there was a boy who was a good marksman with a stone or a bow and arrow or an air-gun. So he went about all day, aiming at every animal he came near.

2. Even at his meals he would think about good shots at the clock or the cat or anything else he chanced to see.

3. Near his home there lived a little bird

which had a pretty nest and five young birds.

To feed so many mouths kept her hard at work. From dawn to dark she flew here and there, over fields and woods and roads, getting worms and flies and seeds, such as she knew were good for her young nestlings.

4. It was wonderful how much food those five small creatures could eat. What she brought each day would have filled that nest full up to the top, yet they ate all the food, and asked for more.

5. Though it was such hard work, she was glad to do it. She went on day after day, always flying off with a gay chirp, and coming back soon with a bit of some kind of food. She did not allow her little ones to want—not even the smallest and weakest of them. He could not ask so loudly as the others, yet she always fed him first.

II

6. One day she picked up a worm, and stopped a minute on a wall before flying to her nest. The boy marksman saw her, and of course aimed at her. He hit her in the side.

7. She was very much hurt, yet she fluttered and limped and dragged herself, in great pain, to the foot of the tree where her nest was. But she could not fly up to the nest, for her wing was broken.

The boy marksman aimed at her.

8. She chirped a little, and the young ones heard her, and, as they were hungry, they chirped back loudly. She could not go up to them, however, nor even tell them why she did not go.

9. She tried once more to rise. Only one of her wings would move, and that just turned her over on one side.

Do you think the boy would have laughed if he had seen her tumble over?

10. All the rest of that day the little mother

lay there. When she chirped her children answered, and when they chirped she answered. But her voice grew fainter and weaker. Late in the day the young ones could not hear it any more, but she could still hear them.

11. Some time in the night the mother bird died. During all the next day the little birds slept — when hunger allowed them — and waked, and then called out until they were so tired that they fell asleep again.

The next night was very cold, and they missed their mother's warm breast. Before dawn they all died, one after the other.

12. The boy marksman had killed six birds at one shot—the mother and five young ones.

If you know him, please read this little story to him. Do you think he will like to hear it?

JOSEPH KIRKLAND

This world is not so bad a world
As some would like to make it;
Though whether good or whether bad
Depends on how we take it.

sēize	dĭf′fẽr	slĕn′dẽr	tŭck
pẽrch	păd′dle	ŏs′trĭch	twĭg

Birds—II. Feet

1. Birds' feet differ as much as their bills do. If you know a bird's habits, you can tell a great deal about the kind of bill and feet it has.

A hawk carrying off a chicken

2. The hawk has a sharp bill to tear his prey. He has, also, sharp claws with which to seize and carry it off, and his legs are very strong so that he can strike a hard blow. Often he kills a small bird by striking it on the head. Then he carries it off to his nest in his claws.

A hawk's foot

3. The hen, too, has strong legs and claws, but they are not made to catch prey. They are used to scratch for food.

A hen's foot

4. The ostrich has very stout legs and claws. Its blows can kill even a man.

How different from these strong claws are the slender feet of our song birds!

5. Do you know how the sparrow and other little birds sleep? They tuck one foot in their feathers and fold the claws of the other around a twig. You would think they would become tired and fall from their perch, but they do not.

A sparrow's foot

A woodpecker

6. When the woodpecker drills in the hard wood, he needs to stand firm. If he did not have a firm hold, he would fall as soon as he began to drill. His claws are made so that he can hold on.

7. Birds that swim have webbed feet. Their toes are joined together by a skin, making paddles. By means of these, they row themselves along in the water.

A duck's foot

8. Watch birds and see what you can learn for yourself about their bills and feet, and from these about their habits.

Write sentences about each of these birds hawk, ostrich, woodpecker, sparrow.

All my toys beside me lay.

dāl*e*	coun′tĕr pān*e*	lĕ*a*d′*e*n	ȧ bĕd
flēet	ū′nĭ fôrm	ġī′ant	drĭl*l*

The Land of Counterpane

1 When I was sick and lay abed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

2. And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bedclothes, through the hills;

3. And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

4. I was the giant, great and still,
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

ĕs cāpe′	prĕṣ′ent lў	bụsh′ў
bus′i ly	laugh′ter	plīght

The Fox who Lost his Tail

1. A fox caught in a trap got away with the loss of his tail. At first he was very glad to escape at all, but before he reached home he began to think how his friends would laugh at his sad plight.

2. Presently a happy thought came to him. So he trotted home, and, without being noticed by any one, placed himself with his back against a tree.

3. Then he called the other foxes and said:

"Let us cut them off."

"My friends, why do we all carry about with us these long, bushy tails? They are quite useless and also very heavy. Let us cut them off."

4. His hearers were at first much struck with this. But a little fox, who had been running busily about, cried out suddenly: "Oh, he has lost his own tail! That is why he wants us to cut off ours."

5. Then some one pushed the poor fox away from the tree and every one saw his unhappy plight. Amid the laughter of all he was chased off into the woods.

---

useful	careful	hopeful	thoughtful
useless	careless	hopeless	thoughtless

I děl′ĭ cāte fĭg′ūre II hās′tened kā′tў dĭd
sŭn′bŏn nĕt sō′fà glànçed III wĭ́tch
văn′ĭshed ŭn ēaṣ′ў shĭv′ẽred hĭd′den

How Lulu Got Lost

I

1. Lulu was a little black-eyed girl, with a slight, dancing figure, a delicate face, and a blue and white sunbonnet.

Lulu

She must have been about three years old when she got lost.

2. As we were all at the tea table —Minnie, the doll, head downward, squeezed into the high chair with Lulu, and the sunbonnet tossed upon the sofa—the little girl's papa said: "I must drive to the village after tea; couldn't I take Lulu with me?"

3. "Oh, no!" I answered. "It is too late. She must go to bed in half an hour."

Lulu opened her eyes wide, but said nothing. Presently she finished her bread and butter, slipped down from her chair, took Minnie and the sunbonnet, and vanished.

4. In half an hour I said to her nurse: "Louise, you had better go and find Lulu. It is time she was undressed."

5. Louise went out; and I heard her in the yard calling, "Lulu! Lulu!" But no sweet childish voice replied. I could trace Louise by the sound, from swing to garden, from garden to corn-house, from corn-house to barn. Then, growing uneasy, I went out.

6. "What is it, Louise? Can't you find Lulu?"

"No, ma'am," she answered; "I can't find her anywhere."

I rushed to the kitchen.

"Mary, have you seen anything of Lulu?"

II

7. By that time Louise and I had become frightened. Our nearest neighbor was nearly half a mile off, and the child was not in the habit of going to the creek alone.

8. "Louise," I said, "do you go up the road to Mr. Van Arm's. I'll go down to the creek."

9. We started as soon as possible. How I hurried down the lane, looking behind every

bush, and calling, "Lulu! Lulu!" at every step.

10. She was not to be found. There were no traces of her at the creek; no little footprints in the sand, no sign of doll nor of sunbonnet. I glanced once, and only once, down into the clear water. I could not look there for my darling—not yet.

11. It was after sundown, and I hastened back to the house. The whip-poor-wills were wailing in the woods. The shrill scream of the katydids sounded from the nearer trees. I shivered in the night air. But where was Lulu? Oh, if her father were only here!

12. As if in answer to my wish, he drove into the yard at that very moment. I flew to his side and told him all there was to tell.

"Don't be frightened, dear," he said. "The darling can't be far off."

13. But half an hour later, when there was just a faint streak of daylight in the west, he took my hand in his and led me into the house. "You can be of no use here," he said. "Go in and stay with Willie. He needs you."

14. Louise came in with some warm milk

T[illegible] M[illegible] Lulu.

for little Willie. Her cheeks were wet.

"They've gone to the creek again," she said.

15. That was why I had been coaxed into the house, then. My head sank into my hands and for the first time that night I wept.

III

16. But just at that moment the door flew open, and there stood Miss Lulu—her hair in a tumbled state, a look of sleepy wonder in her great, dark eyes, Minnie held in one hand and the sunbonnet tucked under her arm. I laughed and cried in the same breath.

17. "O Lulu! my child! We thought you were lost, were drowned. Where were you?"

"I don't know. Asleep, I guess," she said, rubbing her eyes in an absent sort of way.

18. "But your hair is full of straws and your dress is such a tumble! Where has Lulu been? Tell mamma!" I added, clasping my treasure closely to my heart, while I covered the little face with kisses. "Where have you been ever since tea?"

"In papa's wagon, under the seat!"

19. The child had climbed into a great wagon

that stood in one corner of the yard as soon as she left the tea table. Feeling tired, she had crept under the seat, with Minnie in her arms, and had fallen fast asleep. We had passed the wagon a dozen times, but she was hidden, and no one thought of looking there.

Fast asleep

20. "What did you get into the wagon for?" I asked. "You'll hurt yourself sometime climbing into all sorts of places."

21. "Lulu and Minnie going to ride," she said, patting my cheek softly. "Mamma said, 'Too late to go to the village with papa.' So we take a little ride in the big wagon."

The little witch! But that is the way Lulu got lost.

JULIA C. R. DORR

Select five hard words from this story and use them in sentences.

Copy ten words of two syllables.

---

happy	easy	able	kind
unhappy	uneasy	unable	unkind

*w*rŏng	bĭrth′dā*y*	lĭn′nĕt
dŭst′ў	märsh′ma rў	vĕl′vĕt

Seven Times One

1. There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
   There's no rain left in the heaven;
   I've said my "seven times" over and over,
   Seven times one are seven.

2. I am old, so old I can write a letter;
   My birthday lessons are done;
   The lambs play always, they know no better—
   They are only one times one.

3. O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
   And shining so round and low;
   You were bright, ah bright! but your light is failing,—
   You are nothing now but a bow.

4. You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven,
   That God has hidden your face?
   I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
   And shine again in your place.

5. O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow;
You've powdered your legs with gold!
O brave marshmary buds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

6. And show me your nest with the young ones in it,—
I will not steal it away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet,—
I am seven times one to-day!

JEAN INGELOW

---

mŭd'dў ĭm pĕr'tĭ nent ĕx cūse'

The Wolf and the Lamb

1. A wolf saw a lamb drinking at a brook and tried to pick a quarrel.

He called out: "How dare you muddy the water that I am drinking?"

2. "It is not I who make the water muddy, sir," replied the lamb; "for, if you will notice, you are above me, and the water runs from you to me."

3. "Is that the case?" asked the wolf.

"It will do you no good to make excuses."

"Well, you are an impertinent fellow. You are the lamb who called me names a year ago."

4. "Dear sir, that could not be," replied the poor little lamb, "for a year ago I was not born."

5. "If it was not you, it was your father or some of your family, and that is the same thing. It will do you no good to make excuses, for I shall eat you in spite of them all."

6. And so he did.

I skў′lärk	II ques′tion	spŏt′tĕd
à shāmed′	gōō̆d-tĕm′pēred	V ĕx̱ ăct′lў
quạr′rĕl sóme	III sĭn̲′gle	hĕdġe
ăp pēar′ançe	dē̤ līght′fụl	clĕv′ĕr
mōp′ĭng	IV pleas′ure	shŏcked

The Skylark's Spurs

I

1. Out in the meadow grass sat a fine young skylark looking very unhappy.

"What is the matter with you, cousin?" asked the meadow fairy.

2. "I am so unhappy!" replied the lark. "I want to build a nest, and I have no mate."

3. "Why don't you look for a mate, then?" said the meadow fairy, laughing at him. "Fly up and sing a beautiful song, and perhaps some pretty lark will hear you. Then, if you tell her that you will help her build a nest and will sing to her all day long, perhaps she will be your mate."

4. "Oh, I don't like to fly up," said the lark; "if I do, my feet will be seen, and no other bird has feet like mine. My claws are enough to frighten any one, they are so long."

5. "Let me see them," said the meadow fairy.

So the lark lifted up one of his feet, which he had kept hidden in the long grass.

6. "It looks very fierce," said the fairy. "Your hind claw is at least an inch long and all your toes have very sharp points. Are you sure you never use them to fight with?"

The lark lifted one of his feet.

7. "Never!" said the lark. "But these claws grow longer and longer. I am so ashamed of their being seen that I often lie in the grass instead of going up to sing as I would like to do."

8. "I think, if I were you, I would pull them off," said the fairy.

"That is not so easy to do," said the lark. "You cannot think how fast they stick on."

9. "Well, I am sorry for you," said the fairy. "But I fear you must be a quarrelsome bird, or you would not have such long spurs."

"That is just what I am always afraid that people will say," said the poor lark.

10. "Appearances are against you," answered the fairy. "I cannot help you. Good-morning."

So the fairy went off and the poor lark sat moping in the grass.

II

11. By and by a grasshopper came chirping up to the lark and tried to comfort him.

"I have known you for some time," said the grasshopper, "and I have never seen you fight. I will tell every one that you are a good-tempered bird and that you are looking for a mate."

12. The lark thanked the grasshopper warmly.

"At the same time," said the insect, "I should be glad if you could tell me the use of those claws. The question might be asked me, and I should not know what to answer."

13. "Grasshopper," replied the lark, "I do not know what they are for;—that is the truth!"

"Well," said the kind grasshopper, "perhaps time will show." So he went away.

14. The lark was delighted with the grasshopper's promise to speak well of him. He flew up into the air, and the higher he went the sweeter and louder he sang

A pretty brown lark heard his song and cried: "I never heard so beautiful a song in my life,—never!"

15. "It was sung by my friend the skylark," said the grasshopper, who happened to be near her. "He is a very good-tempered bird and he wants a mate."

"Hush!" said the pretty brown lark. "I want to hear that wonderful song."

16. Just then the skylark, far up in the heavens, burst forth again in song. He sang so well that every creature in the field sat still to listen. The little brown lark held her breath for fear of losing a single note.

17. "Well done, my friend!" cried the grasshopper, when the lark came down. Then he told him how greatly the song had pleased the little brown lark and took him to see her.

18. The skylark thought that he had never

seen such a pretty bird before. He asked her to overlook his spurs and be his mate.

19. The brown lark said: "I do not mind your spurs very much. Indeed, I should not like it if you had short claws like other birds. I cannot say why, as they seem to be of no use to you."

20. This was very good news for the skylark, and he sang such delightful songs that he very soon won her for his mate.

They built a cunning little nest in the grass. The lark was so happy that he almost forgot to be sorry about his long spurs.

IV

21. After several days the fairy came back and met the grasshopper.

"How is your friend the lark, who found such a pretty brown mate the other day?" asked the fairy.

22. "Suppose you come and see the eggs in their nest," said the grasshopper; "three pretty eggs spotted with brown. I am sure the lark will show them to you with pleasure."

23. Off they went together. What was

their surprise to find the poor little brown lark sitting on her nest with drooping head and trembling limbs.

24 "Ah, my pretty eggs!" she said. "I am so unhappy about them. I have just heard the farmer say that to-morrow he will begin to cut this grass."

25. "That is very sad," said the grasshopper. "What a pity that you laid your eggs on the ground!"

26. "Larks always do," said the poor little brown bird. "Oh, my pretty eggs! I shall never hear my little nestlings chirp."

Neither the grasshopper nor the fairy could do anything to help her.

V

27. At last her mate dropped down from the white cloud where he had been singing. When he saw her drooping, he asked in a great fright what the matter was.

28. When they told him, he was at first very much shocked. But presently he lifted one of his feet and then the other, and looked at his long spurs.

29. "If I had only laid my eggs on the other side of the hedge," said the poor mother, "I could have reared my birds before harvest time."

30. "My dear," answered her mate, "don't be unhappy." So saying, he hopped up to the eggs, and laying one foot upon the prettiest he clasped it with his long spur. Strange to say, it fitted exactly.

31. "Oh, my clever mate!" cried the poor little mother, "do you think you can carry them away for me?"

"To be sure I can," said the lark, hopping on with the egg in his right foot.

32. He hopped gently on to the hedge. When he had got through the hedge, he laid the egg down in a nice little hollow place and went back for the others.

"Hurrah!" cried the grasshopper. "Larkspurs forever!"

33. When the happy lark had carried the last of the eggs to a safe place, he sprang up into the sky singing and rejoicing.

Now he was quite happy, because he had

He clasped an egg with his long spur.

learned that his long spurs were of some use. Without them he could never have saved the eggs which he and his mate loved so dearly.

JEAN INGELOW

Copy these words and write under each a word having opposite meaning:

young, unhappy, ugly, long, sharp, sorry.

Use these words in sentences:

a fine young skylark; very sharp points; pretty brown lark; cunning little nest; very much shocked; a safe place.

---

dances	treasure	pirate	very
glances	pleasure	delicate	every
chances	measure	fortunate	nursery

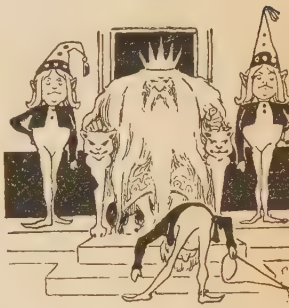
â*ir*′ў	rŭsh′ў	jăck′ĕt	wē*e*
trōōp′ĭng	crĭsp′ў	crăg′gў	nī*gh*

The Fairies

1. Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

2. Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home:
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watchdogs,
All night awake.

3. High on the hilltop
The old king sits;
He is now so old and gray
He's nigh lost his wits.



4. By the craggy hillside,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As dig one up in spite?
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

5. Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

I quāz̧l	vĭṣ′ĭt or	joûr neў	bŏb′ō lĭn̰k
twĭt′tẽr	ôr′chard	tīre′sŏme	ō′rĭ ōle
wa̤r′blẽr	dĭs′tançe	II Brā zĭl′	rĕg′ū lar

Birds—III. Travels

I

1. Very few of our birds stay with us the year round. Some come to us in the winter from the cold north.

2. Others come from the south to spend the summer with us. Among these summer visitors are the warblers, thrushes, and many others of our sweetest song birds.

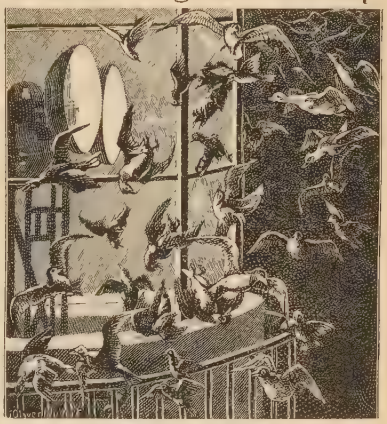
3. How do they know the way? Suppose you were told to find your way to a place hundreds of miles away. Do you think you could do it?

4. Yet birds travel over mountains, forests, lakes, and even across the ocean, and do not stray from the path. They find their way back in the spring to the same orchard and the very trees where they nested the summer before.

5. It is wonderful how quickly birds travel the long distance from their summer home

to their winter one. Some birds have been known to fly hundreds of miles in a day.

6. But many birds travel much more slowly. The quail, with their short wings and heavy bodies, find a long journey very tiresome. They stop to rest, and at the end of their journey they are often so tired that they can be caught with the hand.



Birds flying against a lighthouse window

7. Sometimes in storms flocks of birds lose their way, and many of them are dashed against lighthouse windows.

II

8. Why do birds undertake these long journeys twice a year?

Ah, that we cannot tell you. Cold weather and lack of food drive them from us in autumn, but we cannot tell why they leave the sunny south to come back to us in the

spring. We know only that many of them like to make their nests and rear their young in the north.

9. The oriole, with the handsome black and orange coat, may have just come from Central America. His cousin the bobolink, flitting about so gayly in the orchard near by, has perhaps been spending the winter in Brazil. Would you not like to have these birds tell you what they have seen and heard in their travels?

10. All summer they are quite contented to stay with us. But when the autumn grows chill, they become restless and make ready to leave us.

11. Some birds which have lived alone, now flock together and twitter and circle about in the air. They hold great gatherings. For two or three days they may be seen wheeling about in flocks as if to try their wings.

12. Then they are off to their winter homes in the south. They fly high in the air, sometimes a mile above the earth, and keep an order as regular as the march of an army.

13. We are sorry to see them go, but we know that when winter is over they will come back to us.

tire	tiresome	quarrel	quarrelsome
toil	toilsome	meddle	meddlesome

A flight of wild geese

Good-Morning

The year's at the spring,
  And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
  The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
  The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His Heaven—
  All's right with the world.

ROBERT BROWNING

I wĭd′ō*w*	măn′āg*ed*	II sĭx′tў	ō̆ blīg*e*′
h*ea*rth	spe′cial	glo͞om′ў	V ĭn tĕnd′ĕd
rē*a*′şon	pa′tient	sĕc′ond	fū′tūr*e*
*k*nĭt	cup′board	IV ŏb jĕct′	dĭs grāc*e*′

So-so

I

1. "Be sure, my child," said the widow to her little daughter, "that you always do just as you are told."

"Very well, mother."

2. "Or, at any rate, do what will do just as well," said the small house dog, as he lay blinking at the fire.

3. He was no special kind of dog, but he was very smooth to stroke and had a nice way of blinking his eyes.

4. There was no reason whatever for giving him a bad name. The widow had thought of several good ones, such as Faithful and Trusty and Keeper, but none of them seemed to suit him. So he was called So-so; and a very nice, soft name it is.

5. The widow was only a poor woman,

though she managed by hard work to get many little comforts for herself and her child.

6. One day, as she was going out, she called her little daughter and said: "I am going out for two hours. Shut the house door and bolt the big wooden bar, and be sure that you do not open it for any reason whatever till I return. If strangers come, So-so may bark, which he can do as well as a bigger dog. Then they will go away.

7. "With this summer's savings I have bought a thick winter cloak for you and one for myself. If I get the work I am going after to-day, I shall buy enough wool to knit warm stockings for us both. So be patient till I return, and then we will have the plum-cake that is in the cupboard for tea."

8. "Thank you, mother."

"Good-bye, my child. Be sure and do just as I have told you," said the widow.

"Very well, mother."

II

9. Little Joan laid down her doll and shut the house door and fastened the big bolt.

The kitchen looked gloomy when she had done it.

Little Joan fastened the big bolt.

10. "I wish mother had taken us all three with her. She could have locked the house and put the key in her big pocket, as she has done before," said little Joan.

11. "Yes, it would have done just as well," So-so answered, as he stretched himself on the hearth.

12. By and by Joan grew tired of hush-a-bying the doll. She took the three-legged stool and sat down in front of the clock to watch the hands. After a while she drew a deep sigh.

13. "There are sixty seconds in every single minute, So-so," said she.

"So I have heard," said So-so. He was snuffing about, looking for something to eat.

"And sixty whole minutes in every hour, So-so."

14. "You don't say so!" growled So-so. He had not found even a crumb, though he snuffed in every corner of the kitchen, till he stood

snuffing under the house door. "The air smells fresh," he said.

15. "It's a beautiful day, I know," said little Joan. "I wish mother had allowed us to sit on the doorstep. We could have taken care of the house."

"Just as well," said So-so.

16. Little Joan came to smell the air at the keyhole, and, as So-so had said, it smelt very fresh. Besides, one could see from the window how fine the evening was.

17. "It's not exactly what mother told us to do," said Joan, "but I do believe——"

"It would do just as well," said So-so.

III

18. By and by little Joan unfastened the door, and she and the doll and So-so went out and sat on the doorstep.

19. "This does just as well, and better," said little Joan, "for, if any one comes, we can see him coming up the field path."

"Just so," said So-so, blinking in the sunshine.

20. Suddenly Joan jumped up. "Oh," cried

she, "there's a bird, a big bird. Dear So-so, can you see him? I can't because of the sun. What a queer noise he makes. Crake! Crake!

21. "Oh, I can see him now. He is not flying, he is running, and he has gone into the field. I do wish I were there. I would catch him and put him in a cage."

22. "I'll catch him," said So-so; and he put up his tail and started off.

23. "No, no!" cried Joan. "You are not to go. You must stay and take care of the house, and bark if any one comes."

24. "You could scream, and that would do just as well," replied So-so, with his tail still up.

"No, it wouldn't," cried little Joan.

"Yes, it would," said So-so.

IV

25 While they were talking, an old woman came up to the door; she had a brown face, and black hair, and a very old red cloak.

"Good-evening, my little dear," said she. "Are you all at home this fine evening?"

An old woman came up to the door.

26. "Only three of us," said Joan. "I and my doll and So-so. Mother has gone to the town about some work. We are taking care of the house, but So-so wants to go after the bird we saw running into the field."

27. "Was it a pretty bird, my little dear?" asked the old woman.

"It was a very strange one," said Joan. "I should like to go after it myself, but we can't leave the house."

28. "Dear, dear! Is there no neighbor who would sit on the doorstep for you and keep the house? Then you could slip down to the field after the strange bird," said the old woman.

29. "I'm afraid not," said little Joan. "Old Martha, our neighbor, is sick. Of course, if she had been able to mind the house instead of us, it would have done just as well."

30. "I have some distance to go this evening," said the old woman, "but I do not object to a few minutes' rest. I will sit on the doorstep to oblige you, while you run down to the field."

31. "But can you bark if any one comes?" asked little Joan. "For if you can't, So-so must stay with you."

"I can call you and the dog if I see any one coming, and that will do just as well," said the old woman.

Off she ran to the field.

32. "So it will," replied Joan; and off she ran to the field, with So-so before her barking and springing about.

V

33. They did not catch the bird, though they stayed longer than they had intended. "I dare say mother has come home," said Joan, as they went up the field path. "I hope she will not think we ought to have stayed in the house."

34. "It was taken care of," said So-so, "and that must do just as well."

When they reached the house, the widow had not come home.

35. But the old woman had gone, and she had taken with her the warm winter cloaks

and the plum-cake from the top shelf.

No more was ever heard of any of them.

36. "For the future, my child," said the widow, when she came home, "I hope you will always do just as you are told, whatever So-so may say."

"I will, mother," said little Joan. And she did. But the house dog sat and blinked. He was in disgrace.

37. I do not feel quite sure about So-so. Wild dogs often mend their ways and the good sometimes fall; but when any one begins by being only so-so, he is very apt to be so-so to the end.

38. But this one was very soft and nice, and he got no cake that tea-time. On the whole, we will hope that he lived to be a good dog ever after.

JULIANA HORATIA EWING

Write these words in pairs so that those opposite in meaning may come together:

sleep, ask, go, sell, love, cry, come, open, hate, wake, answer, buy, shut, laugh.

com pan'ion cŏŭr'ăge knēel cloud'y

Three Companions

1. We go on our walk together—
   Baby and dog and I—
   Three little merry companions,
   'Neath any sort of sky:
   Blue as our baby's eyes are,
   Gray like our old dog's tail;
   Be it windy or cloudy or stormy,
   Our courage will never fail.

2. Baby's a little lady;
   Dog is a gentleman brave;
   If he had two legs as you have,
   He'd kneel to her like a slave;
   As it is, he loves and protects her,
   As dog and gentleman can.
   I'd rather be a kind doggie,
   I think, than a cruel man.

DINAH MULOCK-CRAIK

wind	cloud	storm	rain
windy	cloudy	stormy	rainy

Hĭp pŏm′e nēṣ	Grēe*ç*e	swĭft′nĕs*s*	mā*i*d′e*n*
Ăt ȧ lăn′tȧ	*yo*ūth	shō*u*l′dēr	ĭn′stant
dē tēr′mĭne*d*	grāç*e*	glĭt′tēr	dē clâre*d*′

Atalanta's Race

1 Long, long ago there lived in the beautiful land of Greece a maiden named Atalanta. She was so swift of foot that no youth in all Greece could pass her in a foot race.

2. Her grace and beauty were so great that many wished to marry her. But she declared that she would marry him only who could outstrip her in a race.

3. Many youths had tried their speed with her, but all had failed to overtake her. At last, at one of these races, Hippomenes, a fleet runner, was one of the judges. Seeing Atalanta's beauty, he determined to race with her.

4. He knew that it would be hard for him to win by mere swiftness of foot. So he took in his hand three beautiful golden apples.

5. Then the race began. Atalanta, sure of winning, at first let Hippomenes run ahead.

6. This was only for a moment. Hippomenes soon felt her breath close on his

Atalanta stooped to grasp the apple.

shoulder, and let one of the golden apples fall to the ground. She looked down and saw it glitter on the grass. She seized it quickly and then on she ran.

7. A second apple rolled before her. Atalanta stooped to pick it up. Then, seeing Hippomenes close behind, she dashed on with added speed towards the goal.

8. The third golden apple flashed through the air and rolled at her feet. The goal was just at hand. Hippomenes was still behind, and she dared stoop only for an instant to grasp the apple.

9. But in that instant, like an arrow, Hippomenes darted past her and touched the goal. The race was won.

Rewrite these sentences, putting other words having the same meaning in place of those in italics:

Hippomenes was a *fleet* runner.

The race was *started.*

Atalanta saw the apple *glitter* on the grass.

Hippomenes *darted* past her.

un'ion strĕngth ēaṣ'ĭ lў

Union Gives Strength

1. An old man had seven sons who were always quarreling with one another. This gave the father great pain.

2. One day he called his sons to him and showed them seven sticks tied together. He handed the bundle to each son in turn, and said: "Break it."

3. Each tried to do so, but with all his strength was unable even to bend it.

4. "Now untie it," said the father, "and each of you take a stick."

5. Then he called out: "Now, break them," and each one easily broke his stick.

6. Then the old man said: "My sons, like these sticks, you will be strong while you hold together, but weak while each is for himself."

Union gives strength.

Be not swift to take offense:
Anger is a foe to sense.

I anx′ious	II sō*w*n	ăd vẽr tīṣe′	bris′tle
sĭlk′ў	wā′gĕṣ	bar′gain	brăm′bl*e*

Sowing Seeds

I

1. Robert and Jane were walking one day with their mother along a country road.

"Thistles are like bad habits."

They saw a man cutting down the tall thistles along the roadside.

"Look, mother!" cried Robert, "why is that man cutting down the thistles?"

2. When they came up to the man, their mother said: "My little boy is very anxious to know why you are cutting down these thistles. He cannot see the use of it when they are not growing in the fields."

A thistle

3. "Well, you see, thistles are like bad habits," said the man. "They not only grow, but they spread, just as bad habits do.

4. "Thistle seeds have wings, and when they are ripe, they float away on the wind. So the only way to keep from having a crop of thistles in the fields next year is to cut these down before the seeds come.

Dandelion seeds

5. "If you keep your eyes open you will see other plants, such as the dandelion, whose seeds have white, silky wings to carry them along. On a fine autumn day you will often meet such seeds on their journey."

They thanked the man for what he had told them, and passed on.

II

6. Soon afterwards Jane went up to the hedge to look over it into the field. Her dress got dotted all over with little things which stuck so fast that she had trouble in pulling them off.

Seeds with hooks

The hooks magnified

7. "What are these, mother?" she asked.

"Seeds again," replied her mother. "These have little bristles sticking out with a hook at the end.

"The sheep and cattle rub against them as you have just done. These hooks catch in their wool and hair. The ripe seeds are pulled off and carried away to some other place.

8. "Several plants have hooked seeds or burs, and thus get the help of animals in carrying their seeds to fresh ground. These plants get the animals to do their work without pay, but other plants pay for the help they get."

"Why, mother, what are you saying? How can plants get work done and pay for it?" asked Robert, laughing.

9. "Not only so," said his mother with a smile, "but they advertise for workers. I am thinking now of such plants as wild cherries, brambles, and the like. Can you tell me how their seeds are sown?"

10. "I should think they don't get sown at all; they are eaten up by the birds," said Robert.

"You are partly right and partly wrong. The fruit is eaten; but the seed has a very hard shell which the bird cannot break, so he drops it somewhere on the ground."

11. "And the bird gets the soft part as its wages for carrying away the stone," said Jane.

"That seems to be the bargain between them," answered her mother.

III

12. "But what about advertising, mother?" asked Robert.

"When the cherry stones are ready for

sowing," answered his mother, "the cherry-tree hangs out red flags——"

"Oh, I see what you mean now," cried Robert. "You mean that whenever the cherries are ripe, they turn red."

13. "Yes," said his sister; "and whenever the birds see them red, they know they are ripe. Is that the reason why ripe fruit is so bright in color?"

14. "Well, we cannot easily tell the 'reason why' about anything. You can see that the tree which has red flags will draw more birds to spread its seeds than other trees will," replied her mother. "But here we are at the farm now."

15. And as the brother and sister wandered through the orchard, they found that the "red flags" were useful to boys and girls as well as to birds in guiding them to the ripe fruit.

---

figure	famous	thistle	lasted	reached
future	curious	bristle	darted	preached
creature	anxious	whistle	trotted	perched

hĕr′rĭng mĭst′ў rŭf′fled trŭn′dle

A Dutch Lullaby

1. Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe,
Sailed on a river of misty light,
Into a sea of dew.

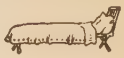
2. "Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea:
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

3. The old moon laughed, and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.

4. The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in the beautiful sea;
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
But never a-feared are we,"

So cried the stars to the fishermen three—
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

5. Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head;
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is the wee one's trundle bed.



6. So shut your eyes, while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three—
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

EUGENE FIELD

(From "A Little Book of Western Verse," copyrighted, 1889, by Eugene Field, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

I stôrk
pēered
bûr′dŏck
ŭp′rī*gh*t
wạd′dled

sŭr round′ĕd
dŭck′lĭng
II pret′ti ly
ȧ loud′
ĭm mē′dĭ ȧte lў

*h*ŏn′or
III pō*u*l′trў
tĕr′ror
V frĕsh′nĕss
dė̆ spīṣed′

The Ugly Duckling

I

1. It was summer, and very beautiful in the country. The wheat was yellow, the oats were green, the hay was stacked up in the meadows, and the stork marched about on his long red legs.

2. In a sunny place stood an old country-house, surrounded by deep canals. From the walls down to the water's edge there grew large burdock leaves, so high that little children could stand upright under the tallest.

3. In this cool and quiet spot a duck sat on her nest waiting for her young ones to hatch. She was beginning to get tired of sitting, when at last the eggs cracked one after another. "Peep, peep!" All the eggs were alive, and one little head after another peered forth.

4. "Quack, quack!" said the duck, and all got up as well as they could. "Are you all out now?" asked the mother duck, getting up herself. "No, not all; the largest egg is still here. How long will this last? Oh! I am so tired of it!" And then she sat down again.

5. "Well, and how are you getting on?" asked an old duck who had come to pay her a visit.

"This one egg keeps me so long," said the mother; "it will not break; but you should see the others. They are the prettiest little ducklings I have ever seen."

6. "Let me see the egg that will not break," said the old duck; "you may be sure it is a turkey's egg. I hatched some turkey's eggs once myself, and I had such trouble with the young ones! They were afraid of the water, and I could not get them to go in.

"That is a turkey's egg."

7. "But let me see the egg—ah, yes! to be

sure, that is a turkey's egg. Leave it, and teach the other little ones to swim."

8. "I will sit on it a little longer," said the mother. "I have been sitting so long already."

"Do as you please," said the old duck, and away she waddled.

II

9. The great egg burst at last. "Peep, peep!" said the little one, and out it tumbled. Oh! how large and ugly it was! The mother duck looked at it.

10. "How big and straight it is!" said she. "None of the others is at all like it. Can it be a young turkey cock? Well, we shall soon find out. It must go into the water, if I have to push it in myself."

11. The next day there was delightful weather. The sun shone warm when the mother duck with all her family went down to the water. "Quack, quack!" cried she, and one duckling after another jumped in.

The water closed over their heads, but they

all came up again, and swam together finely. All were there, even the ugly gray one.

12. "No, it is not a turkey," said the old duck. "Only see how prettily it moves its legs! How straight it holds itself! It is my own child. It is really very pretty when one looks more closely at it. Quack! quack! Now come with me, my children; I will take you into the duck yard. Keep close to me, or some one may step on you."

13. So they came into the duck yard. Oh, what a noise there was! The ducks were quarreling about a fish head, which in the end was eaten by the cat.

14. "See, my children, such is the way of the world," said the mother duck, wiping her bill. She, too, was fond of fish. "Now use your legs," said she; "keep together, and bow to the old duck you see over there. Look, she has a red rag on her leg! That is very fine, and is the greatest honor a duck can have. Now bow your necks and say 'Quack.'"

15. And they did as they were told. But the other ducks who were in the yard looked

at them, and said aloud: "Only see! Now we have another brood. There are enough of us already; and oh, how ugly that one is!" And immediately one of the ducks flew at him and bit him on the neck.

16. "Let him alone," said the mother; "he is doing no one any harm."

17. "Those are fine children that our good mother has," said the old duck with the red rag on her leg. "All are pretty except one, and that one has not turned out well; I almost wish he could be hatched over again."

18. "That cannot be," said the mother. "He is not handsome, but he is a very good child, and swims even better than the others. I think he will grow like them in time and will look smaller."

19. "The other ducks are very pretty," said the old duck. "Pray make yourselves at home, and, if you find a fish head, you may bring it to me."

So they made themselves at home.

20. But the poor ugly duckling was bitten, pecked, and teased by both ducks and hens.

"He is so large and ugly!" said they all.

III

21. So passed the first day, and afterwards things grew worse. The poor duckling was laughed at by all. Even his brothers and sis-

The poor duckling was laughed at by all.

ters were unkind. The ducks bit him, the hens pecked him, and the girl who fed the poultry kicked him.

22. At last he could stand it no longer, so he ran to the other side of the hedge and frightened all the little birds in the bushes. "That is because I am so ugly," thought the duckling, shutting his eyes—but he ran on.

23. At last he came to a place where the wild geese lived. There he lay for two whole days. On the third day there came two young wild geese.

"Hark ye," said they, "you are so ugly that we like you. Will you come with us and fly away to the south?"

24. Bang! bang! went a gun all at once, and both the wild geese were stretched dead among the reeds. The water became red with blood. Bang! went another gun. Whole flocks of wild geese flew up in terror from among the reeds.

25. There was a grand hunting party. The dogs splashed about in the mud—how frightened the poor duck was! In his terror he turned his head, thinking to hide it under his wing.

A great dog ran up.

26. In a moment a great dog ran up, with his tongue hanging out of his mouth. He looked at the poor ugly duckling an instant,

and, splash, splash! was gone—gone without hurting him.

27. "Well, let me be thankful," said the duckling; "I am so ugly that even the dog will not bite me." And now he lay still, though the shooting kept up.

28. The noise did not cease till late in the day. The poor little thing waited many hours before he dared move. Then he ran away as fast as he could over fields and meadows.

IV

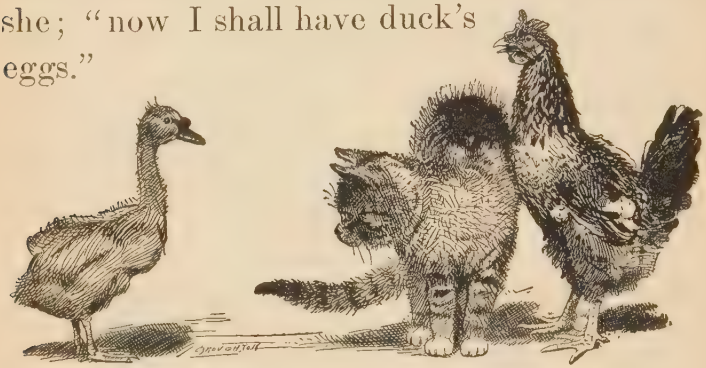
29. In the evening he reached a little hut. The door was broken, so he crept into the room.

30. Here lived an old woman with her tom-cat and her hen. The cat, whom she called her little son, knew how to put up his back and pur. He could even give out sparks when stroked the wrong way. The hen laid very good eggs, and the old woman loved her as her own child.

31. The next morning they all saw the duckling. The cat began to pur and the hen to cackle.

"What is the matter?" asked the old woman, looking round.

32. Her eyes were not good, so she thought the young duckling was a fat duck which had lost its way. "This is a fine catch," said she; "now I shall have duck's eggs."



"Can you pur? Can you give out sparks?"

33. So the duckling was kept for three weeks, but no eggs came.

"Can you lay eggs?" asked the hen.

"No."

"Well, then, hold your tongue."

34. And the cat said, "Can you put up your back? Can you pur? Can you give out sparks?"

"No."

"Well, then, you should keep still."

35. So the duckling sat alone in the corner and was very unhappy. Before long he began to think of the fresh air and sunshine, so he ran away again and jumped into the water. He swam on the surface of the water, he plunged beneath, but all animals passed him by because he was so ugly.

V

36. And the autumn came, the leaves turned yellow and brown, the air was very cold, the clouds were heavy with snow.

37. One evening, just as the sun was setting, a flock of large, beautiful birds came flying by. The duckling had never seen anything so beautiful before. Their feathers were white as snow, and they had long slender necks. They were swans.

38. Presently they gave a queer cry and spread out their beautiful wings. Then they flew away to warmer countries, across the open sea. They flew so high, so very high!

39. The ugly duckling turned round and round in the water like a mill wheel. He strained his neck to look after them, and gave

such a loud and strange cry that it almost frightened himself.

40. He did not know what the birds were called, nor where they were flying; but he loved them as he had never before loved anything. He did not envy them; he would have been quite happy if the ducks in the duck yard had only let him stay there.

41. And soon winter came. The weather was so cold, so cold. The duckling had to swim round and round in the water to keep it from freezing.

42. But it would be too sad to tell all the trouble the poor duckling had during the hard winter. He was lying in a meadow among the reeds, when the sun began to shine warm once more. The lark sang. The beautiful spring had returned.

43. And once more he shook his wings. They were stronger than before, and bore him forwards quickly. Before he was well aware of it, he was in a large garden by the river. Oh! everything was so lovely, so full of the freshness of the spring!

44. Out of the reeds came three swans. They showed their feathers so proudly, and swam so lightly and so gracefully! The duckling knew the beautiful birds, and was filled with a strange sadness.

45. "I will fly to them," said he. "They will kill me because I, ugly as I am, have dared come near them. But it is better to be killed by them than to be bitten by the ducks, pecked by the hens, and to have so much to suffer during the winter!"

46. He flew into the water, and swam towards the beautiful creatures. They saw him and shot forward to meet him.

"Only kill me!" said the poor duckling, and he bowed his head low, expecting death; but what did he see in the water? He saw beneath him his own form, no longer that of a big, ugly, gray bird—it was that of a swan.

47. It does not matter that one has been born in a duck yard if one has been hatched from a swan's egg.

48. Some little children were running about

in the garden. They threw bread into the water, and the youngest cried, "There is a new one!" The others also cried out, "Yes, there is a new swan come!" and they clapped their hands and danced around.

49. They ran to their father and mother. Bread and cake were thrown into the water, and every one said, "The new one is the best, so young and so beautiful!" and the old swans bowed before him.

50. The young swan felt quite ashamed, and hid his head under his wing. He hardly knew what to do; he was so happy, but still not proud, for a good heart is never proud.

51. He remembered how he had been teased and laughed at. Now he heard every one say that he was the most beautiful of all beautiful birds.

52. He shook his feathers, stretched his slender neck, and in his joy said: "How little did I dream of so much happiness when I was the ugly, despised duckling!"

HANS ANDERSEN

"THERE IS A NEW SWAN!" CRIED THE CHILDREN

busily	easily	happily	greedily
watching	scratching	catching	stretching
bundled	cuddled	tumbled	troubled

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.
Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave, and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.
Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly errands to and fro—
Down humblest ways, if God wills it so.

I dĕṣ′ĕrt	sŭs pĕct′ĕd	jew′el	grāzed
dĕr′vĭsh	cŏm′pà nў	cā′dĭ	ĭn fẽr′
căm′ĕl	mẽr′chant	II tŭft	ĭn fẽrred′

The Dervish and the Camel

I

1. A dervish, or holy man of the East, was traveling alone in the desert, when he met a company of merchants.

"Holy man," said one, "we have lost a camel."

2. "Was he not blind in his right eye and lame in his left foreleg?" asked the dervish.

"He was," said the merchants.

3. "Had he not lost a front tooth?" asked the dervish.

"He had," said they.

4. "Was he not loaded with wheat on one side?"

"He was," said the merchants.

"And with honey on the other?"

5. "He was! he was!" said they, surprised.

"Then," said the dervish, "I have not seen your camel."

6. The merchants were now very angry. They told the dervish that he must know the camel well. They suspected that he had taken the jewels and money which were a part of the camel's load.

7. They, therefore, seized him, and carried him to the nearest town and brought him before the cadi, or judge.

II

8. The cadi heard the story of the merchants, and agreed with them in thinking

that the dervish knew more about the camel than he cared to tell.

9. "How did you know the camel was blind in one eye?" he asked.

"I inferred that the animal was blind in one eye because it had eaten the grass on only one side of the path," replied the dervish.

10. "How did you know it was lame in the left leg?" asked the cadi.

"I inferred that it was lame in the left foreleg because I saw that the print of that foot was fainter than those of the others."

11. "How did you know the animal had lost a tooth?" asked the cadi.

"I inferred that it had lost a tooth," replied the dervish, "because wherever it had grazed a small tuft of grass was left untouched in the center of its bite."

12. "But how could you tell with what it was loaded?" cried the merchants. "Tell us that."

13. "The busy ants on the one side, and the flies on the other, showed me that the camel was loaded with wheat and honey. And, more

than this," he said, "I infer that it has only strayed, as there were no footprints either before or behind it. Go and look for your camel."

14. "Go," said the cadi: "look for your camel."

The merchants did so, and found the beast

"Go," said the cadi: "look for your camel."

near the spot from which it had strayed.

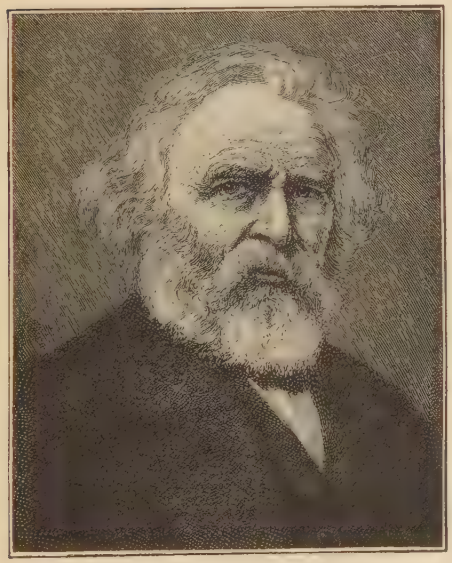
Write sentences telling the color of each of these things:

grass salt wheat honey

pō′ĕt	Hĕn′rў Wads′worth	Cām′brĭ*dge*
cŏl′lĕ*ge*	Lŏng′fĕl *lō*w	shĕl′tĕred
boy′ho͝od	Ê văn′*g*e lĭn*e*	Hī à wa̤′thà

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

1. I am sure some of you can tell me who this is. Yes, it is Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the poet. Has he not a kindly face?



Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

2. Longfellow's boyhood was spent in the old town of Portland, Maine, where he was born. If you were to go there to-day, you could see the very house in which he lived, for it is still standing.

3. Henry was a healthy, happy boy, as fond of fun as any of you, but he was fond of study

too. He loved to read good books full of beautiful thoughts.

4. He had beautiful thoughts of his own, too, and he began early to write them out. He put those thoughts into words which sound like music when they are read. That is why we call him a poet.

5. When Longfellow was about fourteen years old, he went to Bowdoin College. Afterwards he became a teacher in this college, and then he taught at Harvard College in the beautiful city of Cambridge, Massachusetts. After he became a teacher in Harvard College, Longfellow lived in Cambridge in a famous old house which had once sheltered General Washington.

6. Longfellow wrote many poems by which he will long be remembered. Among these are "The Village Blacksmith" and "The Wreck of the Hesperus." If you have never heard them, ask your teacher to read them to you. The best known of his longer poems are "Hiawatha" and "Evangeline." When you are older, you will enjoy reading them.

7. Longfellow had three little daughters and two little sons, whom he loved dearly. They liked nothing better than to go into their father's study and play with him. They would climb on his chair and beg for the stories he knew so well how to tell.

Here is one of Longfellow's poems which is much loved by children. You do not have to wait until you are older to enjoy reading this.

Copy these sentences and fill in the blanks from memory:

Longfellow was born in ....., ...

When he was ..... years old, he went to ..... College.

Afterwards he taught in ..... College.

Later he taught in ..... College.

Longfellow was a ..... as well as a teacher.

He wrote ..... and .....

He had ..... daughters and ..... sons.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time

LONGFELLOW

brạ*w*n′y̆	choir	ăt tĕm*pt*′ĕd	sĕx′tȯn
fȯr′tu̇n*e*	fōrg*e*	sin′ew y	rē pōṣ*e*
smĭth′y̆	*wr*ô*ugh*t	bĕl′lȯ*w*s	ăn′vĭl

The Village Blacksmith

1. Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

2. His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

3. Week in, week out, from morn till night
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

4. And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

5. He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach:
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

6. It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

7. Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin

Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

8. Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Find in the first stanza of this poem three words which mean *very strong*.

Find four words in the poem which tell names of things a blacksmith needs for his work.

Select ten words which tell quality.

Use these ten words in a description of the blacksmith.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.

I jūi*ce*	thou'şand	II grŭb	bŏd'ў g*u*ärd
pŏl'lĕn	rē spĕct'	drōn*e*	ăt tĕnd'ĕd
kĭng'dom	sŭb'jĕct	twĕlv*e*	dē fĕnd'

Bees

I

1. Look at a bee. You see its body is made up of three parts. It looks as if it were cut almost through in two places. That is why it is called an insect, for the word "insect" means "cut into." All insects have bodies like this and have six legs.

A beehive

2. The bee has two pairs of wings, and when she flies the wings on each side are locked together by little hooks.

3. How does the bee get honey? It is by means of her long underlip. She pushes it far down into a blossom and gets out the sweet juice, which she puts into her honey bag.

4. She goes from flower to flower until this bag is quite full, and then she flies home to the hive. Some of the honey is used for food; some is stored in little cells covered with wax, and put away like pots of jam for the winter.

Bee storing honey

5. But honey is not all that the bees get from flowers. They fill little baskets on their legs with a yellow dust called pollen. The pollen mixed with honey is used as food for the young bees. It is called "bee bread."

A queen

6. Each beehive is a little kingdom, the home of thousands of bees. At the head is the queen, whose subjects treat her with great respect. She is the mother bee.

A worker

7. Most of her subjects are workers who are very busy. They keep the hive clean, and take care of the queen and the little baby bees. They build six-sided cells of wax, and gather honey and lay up stores for winter.

II

8. The other members of the kingdom are drones. There are only a few hundred of them, great lazy fellows who do little except eat and sleep.

A drone

9. The workers bear with the drones while there is plenty of honey, but in the autumn they drive the idle ones from the hive or sting them to death. The drones cannot defend themselves. They have no stings, as the queen and workers have.

10. The young bees are hatched from eggs in the form of worms or grubs; the workers feed them with the bee bread made of honey and pollen. For several days the little grubs do nothing but eat. Then each makes a web for itself and goes to sleep. When it awakes, it is no longer a grub but a bee.

11. The queen bee is fed with the best of food. She seldom leaves the hive except to lead workers to a new home. As she goes about the hive, she is attended by a body-guard of ten or twelve bees.

12. There is only one queen bee in each hive.

When a young queen comes from a cell, the old one would like to sting her to death. But the other bees will not allow this, so the old queen, with many of the workers, leaves the hive and finds a new home.

Use these words in sentences:

bee, busy, sweet, yellow, six-sided, lazy.

Look at the pictures and tell how the queen, the worker, and the drone differ from one another.

Draw a picture of a bee.

How doth the little busy bee
  Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
  From every opening flower!

How skilfully she builds her cell!
  How neat she spreads the wax!
And labors hard to store it well
  With the sweet food she makes.

ISAAC WATTS

I rụ′bĭeş dī′ȧ mȯnd spĭn′dl*e* III rĕs′cū*e*
cŏm′mȯn cûr′t*a*ĭn II dwạrf sŭp′pẽr
thrĕ*a*t ĕn chȧnt′ĕd di rec′tion hăp′pĭ lў
prĭn′çĕs*s* spīt*e*′fụl

The Sleeping Beauty

I

1. Long, long ago there lived a king and a queen who were very sad because they had no children. But their sadness at last passed away, for a little daughter was born to them. In his joy the king laughed like any common man.

2. He gave a grand feast and asked all his friends to come to it. He also invited seven fairies, who were all that he could find in the kingdom.

Before each of the fairies was placed a beautiful gold plate, and a knife, fork, and spoon of pure gold set with diamonds and rubies.

3. After all the guests were seated at the table, in walked an old fairy who had not been invited. For fifty years she had not

been out of a certain castle, and the king thought that she was either dead or enchanted.

4. The king had a place set for her; but he could not give her a gold plate, for he had had only seven made for the seven fairies. The old fairy thought herself slighted by this and muttered some threats between her teeth.

5. One of the young fairies who sat near, overheard these threats. Fearing some ill fortune for the little princess, she went, as soon as she rose from the table, and hid behind a curtain. She wished to speak last, and undo, if she could, any ill which the old fairy might try to bring to pass.

6. Then the fairies began to offer gifts to the little princess. One gave her beauty, another wealth, another a sweet temper, and so on. Six of them had given their presents, and it came to the turn of the old fairy who had come in last.

7. With a shake of the head she said: "When the princess is fifteen years old, she shall prick her finger with a spindle and shall

die of the wound." And without speaking one word more, she turned and left the hall.

8. All the guests were much grieved at this terrible gift, and many of them began to weep.

But at this moment the young fairy who had hid behind a curtain came out and said: "Be comforted, O King and Queen. Believe me, your daughter shall not die in this way.

9. "It is true that I have not power to undo entirely what my elder has done. The princess shall indeed prick her hand with a spindle; but instead of dying she shall only fall into a deep sleep which shall last a hundred years. At the end of that time a king's son shall come and awake her."

10. On hearing this, the king at once gave an order that all the spinning wheels in the kingdom should be burned. He said that no one, on pain of death, should have a spindle in the house.

II

11. As the little princess grew up, all the promises of the good fairies were fulfilled.

She was so beautiful, sweet-tempered, and wise that every one loved her.

12. Now it happened that on her fifteenth birthday the king and queen were away from home. So the princess amused herself by wandering up and down the palace.

There sat an old woman with a spindle.

13. At last she came to an old tower. She climbed up the winding stair and reached a little door. A rusty key was in the lock, and the princess turned it.

14. The door sprang open, and there in a little room sat an old woman with a spindle,

busily spinning flax. Now either she had not heard of the king's command against spindles, or else it was the wicked fairy who had taken the shape of an old woman.

15. "Good day, old dame," said the princess. "What are you doing there?"

"I am spinning, dearie," said the old woman, nodding her head.

16. "Ha!" said the princess, "that is very amusing. Let me see if I can spin. What is the thing that turns round so merrily?" and she took the spindle in her hand.

But she had no sooner touched the spindle than the word of the spiteful fairy was fulfilled, and she pricked her finger.

17. That very moment she fell upon the floor and lay in a deep sleep. The old woman cried out for help, and people came running from every direction. Some threw water upon her face; some struck the palms of her hands; but all they could do did not wake her.

18. When this happened, the good fairy was in a far-off country. But she was quickly told of it by a little dwarf who wore seven-

All they could do did not wake her.

league boots. He ran to her with the news, and she started at once in her fairy chariot. She did not wish the princess to be all alone in the old palace when she should awake a hundred years later. So she touched with her magic wand everything and every one in the palace, and they all fell asleep.

The dwarf ran with the news.

19. Round the castle a vast number of trees

They all fell asleep.

and bushes and briars began to grow. They became so thick that neither man nor beast

could pass through. From without, nothing could be seen but the very top of the towers.

III

20. A hundred years were gone and past, when one day a prince came hunting in the forest. Catching sight of the towers above the trees, he asked the forest people what castle it was.

21. Some said that it was a fairy castle, and some said that it was a place where witches lived. Others told him that it was the home of a great giant.

22. But at last an old woodman said: "Sir, when I was a boy, my grandfather told me that there was in that castle a princess the most beautiful ever seen. She must sleep there a hundred years, and will be wakened by a king's son whom she is awaiting."

23. When the prince heard this, he determined to make his way to the castle. In vain did the woodman tell him that already many princes had lost their lives in the attempt. The thorns held fast like strong hands, and

the young men caught by them were not able to get away.

24. The prince only cried out that he would either rescue the sleeping princess or die like

He determined to make his way to the castle.

the others. Without delay he pressed on towards the wood.

25. Strangely enough, the trees, great and small, the bushes, and the briars made way for him to pass through, and then closed fast behind him. On went the prince all alone. By and by he came to the castle, where all was still as death.

26. In the courtyard he saw the horses and the spotted hounds lying asleep; on the roof sat the doves, with their heads under their

wings. He crossed a court paved with marble and came to the guards, leaning with bent heads against the wall, all snoring as loud as they could.

He crossed a court.

27. After that he went along halls, through rooms full of gentlemen and ladies, all asleep, some standing, others sitting. At last the prince came to the tower, and went up the winding stair and into the little room where the princess was asleep.

A guard fast asleep

28. There she lay, so beautiful that he could not turn his eyes away. He stooped down and kissed her. And now the enchantment was at an end.

29. The princess awoke and, looking at him kindly, said: "Is it you, my prince? I have waited for you a long time."

30. At the same moment all the palace

awoke. The guards paced stiffly up and down. The gay laughter of lords and ladies rang through the halls. Outside, the dogs barked, the horses neighed, the doves upon the roof took their heads from under their wings and flew into the open country.

31. Then the prince and the princess went into the great Hall of Looking Glasses, where they held their wedding supper. And in due time the prince became king and the princess queen, and they lived happily all their days.

Use these words in sentences:

of pure gold; terrible gift; deep sleep; old tower; seven-league boots; a hundred years; a king's son; sleeping princess; wedding supper.

Make sentences telling what you have read about in this story that is—

spiteful, rusty, spotted, narrow, sweet-tempered, thick, charming, golden.

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

STEVENSON

Jack in the pulpit

ȧ nĕm′o̤ nė̤	squĭr′rĕl	dĭs cŭss′
ĭn′no̤′çent	gą*uze*	bŏn′nĕt
ġė̤ rā′nĭ ŭm	frā*il*	pụl′pĭt

Jack in the Pulpit

1. Jack in the pulpit
   Preaches to-day,
   Under the green trees
   Just over the way.
   Squirrel and song-sparrow,
   High on their perch,
   Hear the sweet lily-bells
   Ringing to church.

Come hear what his reverence
Rises to say
In his low, painted pulpit
This calm Sabbath day.

2. Meek-faced anemones,
Drooping and sad;
Great yellow violets,
Smiling out glad;
Buttercups' faces,
Beaming and bright;
Clovers with bonnets,
Some red and some white;
Daisies, their white fingers
Half-clasped in prayer;
Dandelions, proud of
The gold of their hair;
Innocents, children
Guileless and frail,
Meek little faces
Upturned and pale;
Wildwood geraniums,
All in their best,
Languidly leaning,

In purple gauze dressed—
All are assembled
This sweet Sabbath day
To hear what the priest
In his pulpit will say.

3. So much for the preacher:
The sermon comes next,—
Shall we tell how he preached it
And where was his text?
Alas! like too many
Grown-up folks who play
At worship in churches
Man-builded to-day,—
We heard not the preacher
Expound or discuss;
But we looked at the people,
And they looked at us.
We all saw their dresses—
Their colors and shapes;
The trim of their bonnets,
The cut of their capes;
We heard the wind-organ,
The bee and the bird,

But of Jack in the pulpit
We heard not a word!

CLARA SMITH

"Guileless" means free from deceit.

"Expound" means explain.

Copy the names of all the flowers mentioned in "Jack in the Pulpit."

Do you know any other wild flowers?

I å dŏpt′ ăd vĕn′tûre prĭṣ′on ẽr săv′ăġe
rẽ ṣĭst′ Jāmeṣ′town Pow hȧ tăn′ II nôrth′ẽrn
ăt tăck′ sĕt′tlẽr Pō cȧ hŏn′tȧs cō*a*st

Captain Smith and Pocahontas

I

1. This is a story about a man whose life and adventures were as interesting as any story book. This man was Captain John Smith, and he was born in England over three hundred years ago. You will like to know something about him, because he was one of the first Englishmen who came to live in this country.

2. After many adventures on sea and land,

Captain John Smith set out with some men who were going to make their homes in Virginia. They crossed the ocean and settled at a place which they called Jamestown, after the king of England.

3. At first these settlers had a hard time. They were not used to working in the fields; and Smith, who was one of their chief men, found it hard to make them cut down trees and plant corn. They were often in need of food and always in danger of attacks from Indians.

4. One day Captain Smith started with an Indian guide to see the country and to look for food. He was going along the forest path, when suddenly an arrow whizzed through the air and the Indian war cry rang in his ears.

An Indian attack

5. The woods seemed to be filled with savages. Captain Smith saw that it would be useless to resist them. So he let them drag him off to their chief, Powhatan.

6. Captain Smith was kept prisoner for

some time. Then it was decided that he should be killed. The war clubs of the savages were already raised over his head, when a little girl ran forward, threw her arms about

The woods seemed to be filled with savages.

his neck, and begged them not to kill him. This was Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan.

7. They tried to drag her away, but she begged so hard for the white man's life that at last her prayer was granted and Smith's life was spared.

8. Powhatan became so fond of his white

prisoner that he wished to adopt him as his son. Soon the Indians allowed Captain Smith to go back to his friends in Jamestown.

II

9. This was not the only time that Pocahontas gave aid to the English. She often brought them food when they were in need.

10. Once, when the Indians were again at war with the settlers, she came at night and warned the white men that there was to be an attack. When the savages came, they found the settlers ready to defend themselves.

She warned the white men.

11. Captain John Smith stayed in Virginia for a number of years, leading the settlers in the Indian fights and guiding them in their work. Then he returned to England, and wrote books telling about his adventures.

12. Some years later he sailed again for America. This time he visited the northern coast, and gave the name of New England to

that part of our country. He died in England at the age of fifty-two.

13. Pocahontas, the Indian girl who had saved his life, married John Rolfe, a young Englishman. With him she visited England, where she was treated as a young princess. And to-day there are boys and girls in Virginia who can say that Pocahontas, the Indian princess, was their great-great-grandmother.

Copy these sentences, filling in the blanks:

Captain John Smith was born in ..... over ..... years ago.

He came with colonists to ....

They sailed up the ..... River and settled at .....

They were often attacked by .....

Once Captain Smith was taken prisoner, and his life was saved by .....

Captain Smith went back to .....

He sailed again to America and visited the ..... coast, to which he gave the name of ....

Pocahontas married ....

wăg′ŏn ẽr Hẽr′cŭ lēş ef′fort ûrġe

Hercules and the Wagoner

1. As a wagoner was driving a heavy cart along a bad road, the wheels stuck fast in the mud and the horses could not pull it out.

2. The man did not make the least effort to help himself. He dropped on his knees and began calling for Hercules to come and help him out of his troubles.

3. "Lazy fellow!" said Hercules, "get up and urge on your horses. Put your shoulder to the wheel. Heaven helps only those who help themselves."

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affection suspect voice throat
direction respect rejoice thread

I bĭrch dou̇b'led mĭd'rĭb pĭt*ch*'ĕr
mā'p*le* II cŏm'pound sĭm'p*le* mois'tūr*e*
ŭn fōld' và rī'ē tў ŭm brĕl'là härm'lĕs*s*
nŏt*ch*ed năr'rō*w* III sŭp plў' ĭm pôr'tant

Leaves

I

1. Take any common leaf into your hand and look at it. Take the leaf of the strawberry, for instance. See how prettily it is notched! Hold it up to the light and see the lines that run from the middle to the edges. Then look at the fine network between these lines. How delicate and beautiful it all is!

A strawberry leaf

2. Beautiful and interesting as leaves are, few people notice them. If I were to show you leaves which you see every day, I am afraid you could not tell from what kind of tree each leaf came. Could you?

3. Gather leaves of different kinds, and see if your schoolmates can tell their names. Take the star-shaped leaf of the maple,

the birch leaf with its nicely notched edges, the bright, firm leaf of the oak, and the wrinkled leaf of the elm. Put a willow leaf beside a peach leaf, which is very much like it.

4. Leaves come from buds just as flowers do. If you gather some leaf buds in the spring and cut them across with a sharp knife, you can see how the leaves are folded together inside.

Some are doubled together like a folded sheet of paper; some are rolled round and round; others are folded as a fan is.

5. In the warm spring days these buds grow larger and larger. After a while they unfold and the green leaves are spread out.

II

6. As you look at a leaf, you see that it is made up of two parts: the stalk, and a broader part which is thin and flat. The broad part is called the blade. As you see, the stalk runs through the middle of the leaf to the tip. It forms what is called the midrib.

7. A number of branches, called veins, run off from the midrib. These are like the ribs of an umbrella. Without them the leaf could not stand straight and firm. The wind would blow it about like a rag tied to a stick.

8. You will find some leaves made up of a number of small ones, all fixed on one stalk. These are called compound leaves. Simple leaves have only one leaf on each leaf stalk.

9. There is great variety in the shape of leaves. Some are long and narrow, like blades of grass; some are round, some egg-shaped, and some heart-shaped. Some have plain and some wavy edges, while others have edges like the teeth of a saw.

III

10. There are some very queer leaves. One of these is the pitcher plant. Its midrib bends at the end of the leaf so as to form a little pitcher with a lid. The lid is generally shut so that rain cannot get in, yet the pitcher always has water in it. How does it come there?

The American pitcher plant

11. The watery part of the sap is poured from many little mouths on the inside of the pitcher, which is thus kept filled with water.

Venus's fly trap

12. The leaf of the Venus's fly trap, which grows in North Carolina, is a real trap for flies and other insects. When the leaf is spread out wide open, it looks harmless enough.

13. But let an insect alight on the leaf, and he is made a prisoner at once. The two parts of the leaf close, and the points on the edge are locked together so as to form bars to the prison. The poor insect cannot get away, and soon dies.

A fern

14. You may never see these queer leaves, but you will find other curious and interesting ones near your home if you look for them.

I am sure you know the fern leaf. Do you

know where the flowers of the fern grow? See if you can find out.

15. Keep your eyes open as you walk in the fields and woods, and you will see there is no end to the variety of leaves. And among them all you cannot find one that is not beautiful when you look closely at it.

16. Leaves are not only beautiful and interesting—they are useful, too. They give us pleasant shade and they supply the air with moisture. But their chief use is to keep trees and plants alive and to make them grow.

17. Leaves are to plants what lungs are to animals. The air that goes to our lungs helps keep us alive and make us grow. Like ourselves, plants must breathe as well as feed in order to live and grow. So you see the leaf is a very important part of the plant.

WORTHINGTON HOOKER

Name something that is—

green, notched, narrow, star-shaped, egg-shaped, wrinkled.

Find in your reader five words that tell

color; five words that describe the size or form of an object.

Make sentences describing a leaf, using these words:

color, shape, stalk, blade, midrĭb, leaf bud.

Draw pictures of three kinds of leaves you have seen.

He liveth long who liveth well,
All else is life but flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

---

swŭng quĭv'ĕr ĭng rō̄ō̄t'lĕt
lād'*e*n lē*a*f'lĕt

The Tree

1. The Tree's early leaf buds were bursting their brown;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Frost, sweeping down.
"No, leave them alone
Till the blossoms have grown,"
Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

2. The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Wind, as he swung.
"No, leave them alone
Till the berries have grown,"
Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

3. The Tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow;
Said the girl: "May I gather thy berries now?"
"Yes, all thou canst see:
Take them; all are for thee,"
Said the Tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON

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root	rootlet	summer	midsummer
stream	streamlet	winter	midwinter

I sŭlk′ў pro ces′sion *k*nīve̤ III çĭr′cŭs
rŭs′*t*lĭng ex cit′ed *w*răp′pĕr ge og′ra phy
pŏp′lar II bī′çў cl*e* whĭs′*t*le IV bĕc′k*o*n*e*d
wa̤l′nŭt câr*e*′fṳl lў hă*t*ch′ĕt Är′bor Dā*y*

The Boy who Hated Trees

I

1. "Good-night, Dick. Remember now to wake up with the robins, so that you may be ready to help me set out our new trees."

"Good-night," answered Dick in a sulky tone, for Dick was cross.

2. "Trees, trees, trees!" he mumbled to himself as he began to undress. "I'm so sick of hearing about trees. Miss Morrell has talked 'trees' for a week at school, and now father has bought some old twigs to set out to-morrow, and I want to go fishing.

3. "I wish I lived in a land where there are no trees. We could get along well enough without them." And with this thought he jumped into bed.

4. Dick had been asleep perhaps an hour or more, when he heard the queerest rustling

noise and then a voice called out: "Here he is—the boy who hates trees!"

5. There was the strangest procession coming toward him. It was made up of trees of all kinds. The Pine and the Elm came first; the Maple and the Oak followed: the Maple's leaves were flushed scarlet, she was so excited. The Willow was weeping, and the Poplar was trembling all over.

6. Next came all the fruit trees, led by the Cherry, while the Walnut, the White Birch, and the Palm were behind.

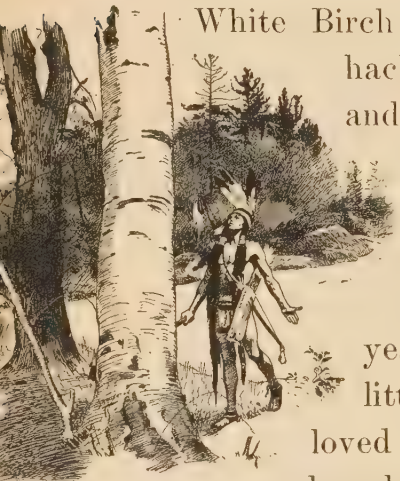
7. What did it all mean? Dick was frightened for a moment. It seemed as if every tree of which he had ever heard was there, and he wondered how the room could hold them all.

II

8. When they had all grown quiet, the Pine said: "Dear brothers and sisters, here is a boy who hates trees; he cannot see that we are of any use. It is more than I can stand, and I have called this meeting to see what can be done about it. Has any one anything to say?"

9. The Cherry looked very sour. "I cannot see that boys are of any use," she said. "Many years ago, when cherry trees were scarce in this country, a boy named George cut down my great-grandfather just to try his new hatchet."

10. "And boys know so little," said the White Birch; "they are always hacking me with knives and taking off my coat, no matter how cold the weather is.


Give me of your bark O Birch Tree!"

11. "I loved a boy once, but it was many years ago. He was a little Indian boy. He loved trees. I remember how he stood beside me one warm day and said:

"'Give me of your bark, O Birch Tree!
For the summer time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white skin wrapper.'

'Then he took off my bark so carefully

that he did not hurt me a bit. But he is not living now. This boy is not like him."

12. "I don't like boys either," spoke up the Apple. "One day a boy climbed up into my branches and broke off one of my limbs. He was a very silly boy, for he wanted green apples. Had my fruit been ripe, I would have tossed one down to him. How happy we should be if it were not for boys!"

13. The Maple was very angry. "This boy said we were of no use, but it was only this morning that I heard him tease his grandmother for a cake of my sugar."

"He ate it as though he liked it, too," said the Palm. "I saw him; he was fanning himself with one of my leaves."

14. The Willow wiped her eyes. "Boys, boys, boys!" she said. "I'm so sick of boys! This same boy made a whistle out of one of my children this very night when he went for the cows."

15. Then a queer tree in the corner spoke in a thick voice. "We are of no use, are we? If it were not for me, where would he get

the tires for his bicycle? There are his rubber boots, too. Why, he uses me every day about something. But I've thought of a plan."

16. The trees crowded around him, talking together very excitedly.

"But how shall we do it?" Dick heard them say.

"Oh," said the Elm, "the wind will help us; it is our friend."

III

17. Before Dick could cry out, he found himself being carried away by the wind.

"Where am I going?" he called.

18. "To the land of no trees," they answered; and they bowed and smiled. Even the Willow held up her head long enough to call, "Good-by! good-by!" and then home and trees were left far behind.

19. How fast the wind traveled! On and on they rushed, until suddenly the wind dropped him and went whistling away.

20. Dick felt really frightened when he found himself all alone.

"Oh, I'm so hot!" he exclaimed. "I wonder where I am."

Certainly he had never before been in such a place.

21. There were no trees nor green grass anywhere in sight. As far as he could see, there was only sand—white sand, that was so hot and scorching.

22. "It seems to me I've seen pictures in my geography like this," he said to himself. "It must be a desert. Oh, I was never so hot before. I can't stay here. What shall I do?"

23. All at once he noticed a tiny speck far away in the distance. Now it looked larger. He brushed away something that looked very much like a tear, though he told himself that it was only because he was so warm.

24. Yes, that speck surely moved, and was coming nearer. What if it were a bear!

"There is no tree to climb and I couldn't run—I am so tired and it is so hot."

25. Nearer and nearer it came, moving slowly. Dick watched it with a beating

heart. At last he saw that it was not a single animal, but a great many in line.

26. "Oh, they are camels!" he cried. "Yes, I know they are. Once at a circus I saw some that looked just like them, but what queer-looking men are on them!"

IV

27. They were now very near him, and one of the men beckoned with his hand and said something.

"I can't understand him," said Dick to himself, "but I suppose he means he'll give me a ride."

28. The man helped him up and they journeyed on. After a time Dick grew very tired.

"The camel joggles me so," he said, "and I am so thirsty I shall die. If they would only stop a minute!"

29. What was the matter? What were they saying? Each man was bowing himself towards the ground, waving his hands.

"I don't see what they are making all that fuss about. I can't see anything, the sun

hurts my eyes so." And Dick covered his eyes with his hand.

30. Suddenly there was a shout, and the camels stood still. Dick lifted his head. Could he believe his eyes? Right before him

"Dear tree!" he cried.

was a little spot of green grass, a spring of cool water, and one of those things he hated —a tree.

31 Hate a tree? He thought that he had never seen anything so beautiful in all his life.

He fairly tumbled off the camel in his haste to reach it. The tears ran down his face as he threw his arms around its trunk.

"Dear tree!" he cried.

32. "Dick, Dick, are you going to help me plant the new trees?" called his father.

Opening his eyes, Dick found himself in his own little room, both hands clasping his pillow.

33. Dick was soon dressed and downstairs, and so anxious was he to plant trees that he could hardly eat his breakfast.

34. A week later Miss Morrell said to one of the other teachers: "I think the trees we planted on Arbor Day will grow if good care has anything to do with it. Dick Hawkins seems to have taken charge of them all."

ALICE L. BECKWITH

---

excited excitedly excitement unexcited

Copy the names of all the trees mentioned.

Write a sentence about each.

Tell five ways not mentioned in this story in which trees are useful to us.

dĕ fēat′ĕd plow′boy rĕ trēat′ĕd à nón′

March

1. The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one.

2. Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The plowboy is whooping—anon—anon;
There's joy in the mountains,
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I ĕn chânt′rĕss	hẽrd	Çĭr′çċ
mĭs fôr′tūne	dĭ vīd′ĕd	noiṣ′ў
grēed′ĭ lў	vĭc′tĭm	II mẽr′çў

Circe

I

1. Listen to a story which has been for ages a delight to children and to grown people. It is about Odysseus, the great Greek hero.

After being away for many years in a great war, he was on his way to his island home.

2. As Odysseus and his men were driven about on unknown seas, they came to a beautiful wooded island. This was the home of Circe, a mighty enchantress.

3. The Greeks did not know this. But they had had so many strange adventures that at first they were afraid to land for fear of fresh misfortune.

At the end of two days their food was all gone. So Odysseus armed himself with sword and spear, and went ashore.

4. From a high hill he looked over the

whole island. He saw at a distance a stately marble palace in the midst of a thick wood, and determined to go there. First, however, he returned to the ship. On his way back he killed a tall stag, which gave food to his hungry men.

5. The next morning the Greeks met to decide what they should do. The hero told what he had seen, and then divided his men into two parties. Odysseus and his party stayed near the shore, while the others went forward to the palace.

6. As they marched through the woods, wolves and lions came toward them. Instead of attacking the strangers, they made every sign of welcome.

7. Cheered by this, the Greeks approached the palace. From within they heard a sweet voice chanting old songs. This was Circe herself. She sang thus to draw her victims to her.

8. Charmed by her songs, all the Greeks except their leader went forward. The gates of the palace opened wide to let them in.

Circe, the beautiful enchantress, rose as they entered and made them welcome.

9. A rich feast was soon spread for the hungry wanderers. Then, seated at the table, the tired Greeks ate greedily, with no thought for anything but the food set before them. At last they could eat no more, and they leaned back and looked about them.

10. Then at once, rising from her seat, the enchantress waved a wand over them. Lo! instead of the noisy men who had just been feasting, there was a herd of grunting pigs running over the marble floor.

Circe now drove them with cruel blows into sties, and threw down some acorns for them to eat.

11. Meanwhile their leader, who had been too wise to enter the palace, waited for their return. As they did not come, at last he went back and told his story to Odysseus.

II

12. The hero at once set out to learn what had become of his men. As he drew near the

From the painting by Sir E. Burne-Jones

Engraved by Walter Aikman

Circe

palace, he met a youth who told him what had happened.

13. "By your own power you cannot free your friends," he said. "You will only share their fate. But take this flower, and it will protect you against the arts of Circe. When she tries her charms, draw your sword and make her promise to free your men."

14. Odysseus took the flower and went on to the palace. The gates opened wide for him, as for the others.

Circe watched with delight the coming of this stranger. She led him to the table and set before him the richest food. Odysseus ate without fear till he was satisfied.

15. Then Circe waved her wand and would have changed him, too, into a beast. But, to her surprise, he remained a man. Now Odysseus drew his sword. Circe was filled with fear and fell at his feet to beg mercy.

16. "Surely," she cried, "you must be the wise Odysseus. I was told that I would have no power against him. Put up your sword and let us be friends."

17. But Odysseus would not do so until he had made her promise to change his men back to their former shape and not harm them again. This she gladly promised to do.

Then she led Odysseus to the sties, where his former followers came grunting about his feet. With a wave of her wand she changed them back to men.

18. After this, Odysseus and all his followers went to the palace of Circe, and there rested from their toils and wanderings.

---

leader wanderer follower

Tell who leads; who wanders; who follows; who hunts; who teaches; who writes; who paints; who farms; who robs; who dances; who bakes.

Arrange the answers in sentences; as, The leader leads.

If all were rain and never sun,
No bow could span the hill;
If all were sun and never rain,
There'd be no rainbow still.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

Ï ä′gōō	lăn̲′guȧġe	Sōan gė̇ tȧ′hȧ	wā′rў
bōast′ẽr	Nō kō′mĭs	Mäȧn gō tāy′sēe	băn̲′quĕt
nŏs′trĭl	reȧin′dēer	Ăd jĭ dąu′mō	coughed
rōe′bŭck	ĕx̲ ŭlt′ĕd	mär′vĕl oŭs	ănt′lẽr

Hiawatha's Hunting

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvelous story-teller,
He the traveler and the talker,

He the friend of old Nokomis,
Made a bow for Hiawatha:
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deerskin.

Then he said to Hiawatha:
"Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers!"

Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows;
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"

Up the oak tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak tree,
Laughed and said between his laughing,

"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"
And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"
But he heeded not, nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer;
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river,
To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.
Hidden in the alder bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.
And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.

Then, upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow;

Then, upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow.

Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow;
Ah! the singing, fatal arrow,
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!
Dead he lay there in the forest,

By the ford across the river;
Beat his timid heart no longer,
But the heart of Hiawatha
Throbbed and shouted and exulted,
As he bore the red deer homeward,
And Iagoo and Nokomis
Hailed his coming with applauses.

From the red deer's hide Nokomis
Made a cloak for Hiawatha,
From the red deer's flesh Nokomis
Made a banquet in his honor.
All the village came and feasted,
All the guests praised Hiawatha,
Called him Strong-heart, Soan-ge-taha!
Called him Loon-heart, Mahn-go-taysee!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Write in separate sentences what Hiawatha learned about the birds and beasts.

Write the names of the things which he saw as he went through the forest.

Ask your teacher to read you the story of Hiawatha's childhood.

Read again the story about Longfellow, the poet who wrote "Hiawatha."

I Bĕn′ja mĭn Frănk′lĭn
cŏm′răde
ŭn cŏm′fort à ble

Bôs′ton
pĕn′nў
II wharf
con ven′ient

prŏ pōşe′
III stōl′en
whĭp′pĭng
ē′vĭl

Benjamin Franklin as a Boy

I

1. Nearly two hundred years ago a boy used to be seen in the streets of Boston who was known to his playmates as Ben Franklin.

He was a bright boy at his books and even a brighter one when at play with his comrades. There was something about him which always seemed to make him the leader among the boys.

2. I might tell you a number of stories about him. Perhaps you have already heard the famous story of Ben and his whistle.

One day his mother gave him some pennies, and he gave them all to another boy for a whistle which was not worth more than a penny. He soon became tired of his toy, and was sorry he had spent all his money for it.

3. But Ben had grown a great boy since

those days and was much wiser. I am going to tell you something he did when he was about ten years old.

4. Ben and the other boys were very fond of fishing. The place where they fished was a mill pond on the outskirts of the town. The edge of the water where the boys had to stand while they fished was deep in mud.

5. "This is very uncomfortable," said Ben Franklin one day to his comrades.

"So it is," said one of them. "What a pity it is we have no better place to stand."

6. If it had not been for Ben, nothing more would have been done or said about the matter. But it was not his way to let things go if there was any way of bettering them.

7. "Boys," cried he, "I have thought of a plan." The other boys were ready to listen at once. They felt sure that Ben's plan would be a good one.

8. They all remembered how he had sailed across the mill pond by lying flat on his back in the water and holding on to his kite string.

If Ben could do that, he could do almost anything.

"What is your plan, Ben? What is it?" cried they all.

II

9. It so happened that the boys were standing where a new house was to be built. A great many large stones which were to be used in building lay about. Ben jumped upon one of these and began to speak.

10. "Now I propose," said he, "that we build a wharf to help us in our fishing. You see these stones. The workmen intend to use them for building a house. But that will make them of use to only one man.

11. "My plan is to carry these same stones to the edge of the water and build a wharf with them. That will help us in our fishing and will also be convenient for boats passing up and down the stream. Thus the stones will be of use to many instead of one. What say you, boys? Shall we build the wharf?"

12. "Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted all the boys. "Let's begin."

None of them stopped to think that they had no right to build their wharf with stones belonging to another person. They all agreed to be on hand that evening to carry out their great plan.

13. At the time set, the boys came to the place and began to move the stones toward the water. This was much harder work than they had expected. But Ben Franklin thought of ways to make the work easier, and he kept them all in good spirits by his jokes and laughter.

14. After an hour or two of hard work, the stones had all been moved to the water side. Then Benjamin was the one to show how they should be put together in the best way. At last the great work was finished.

15. "Now, boys," cried Ben, "let's give three cheers and go home to bed. To-morrow we can catch fish without so much trouble."

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" shouted his comrades.

Then all went home to sleep after their hard labors.

It was harder work than they anticipated.

III

16. In the morning the workmen came to go on with the building of the house. But on reaching the spot they looked in vain for the heap of stones. What could have become of them?

17. "Why, Sam," said one to another, "this is very queer. Do you suppose the stones flew away last night?"

"More likely they have been stolen," replied Sam

18. "Who would think of stealing a heap of stones?" cried a third.

Meanwhile the head workman had noticed the prints of little feet making a beaten path to the water side. Now he saw what had become of the stones.

19. It was not long before the boys' fathers knew what they had done. You may be sure that the boys were sorry then. As for Ben, he was more afraid of what his father would say than he was of the worst whipping.

20. "Benjamin," said his father, "how could

From the portrait by Duplessis

Benjamin Franklin

you take those stones which did not belong to you? What could have made you do it?"

21. "Why, father," replied Ben, hanging his head, "I thought that the stones would be useful to more people as a wharf than as a house. Only one man could enjoy the house, but all the boys and the people going up and down the stream in boats would enjoy the wharf."

22. "My son," said Mr. Franklin, "you did very wrong in taking what did not belong to you. Never think for a moment that good will come of doing wrong. Remember that nothing but evil will ever come out of evil deeds."

"I will never forget it again," said Benjamin, bowing his head.

23. So here we finish our story. One of these days you will know what a great man Benjamin Franklin became.

In all his later life he was famous for the same things that made him a leader among the boys, but he never forgot the lesson he had learned from his father.

Copy the following sentences, changing the italicized words to other words having the same meaning:

He soon *became* tired of his *toy*.

At last the great *work* was *finished*.

The *head workman* had *noticed* the *prints* of little feet.

Never think for a *moment* that good will come of doing *wrong*.

---

sĭlk′*en* pē*a*ş

The Dove

I had a dove, and the sweet dove died;
And I have thought it died of grieving;
Oh, what could it grieve for? Its feet were tied
With a silken thread of my own hands' weaving;
Sweet little red feet! why should you die—
Why would you leave me, sweet bird! why?
You lived alone in the forest tree,
Why, pretty thing! would you not live with me?
I kissed you oft and gave you white peas;
Why not live sweetly as in the green trees?

JOHN KEATS

dĭs·mount′ trŭdge răs′cal group strŭg′gle

The Miller, his Son, and their Donkey

1. A miller and his son were driving their donkey to a fair to sell him. They had not gone far when they came up to a group of women around a well.

The donkey

2. "Look there!" cried one of them; "did you ever see such stupid fellows? They trudge along on foot when they might ride."

3. The old man heard this and made his son get on the donkey's back, and he walked along by his side.

4. Presently they met a group of old men. "There!" said one of them, "this proves what I was saying. No respect is shown old age in these days. Do you see that idle lad riding while his old father has to walk? Get down, you young rascal, and let the old man rest his weary limbs."

5. Upon this the old man made his son dismount, and got up himself. Soon they met some women and children.

6. "Why, you lazy old fellow!" cried several of them at once; "are you not ashamed to ride and make that poor little lad walk? He can hardly keep up with you."

"You lazy old fellow!" cried the women.

The good-natured miller at once took up his son behind him. They had now almost reached the town.

7. "Pray, my friend," said a man, "is that donkey your own?"

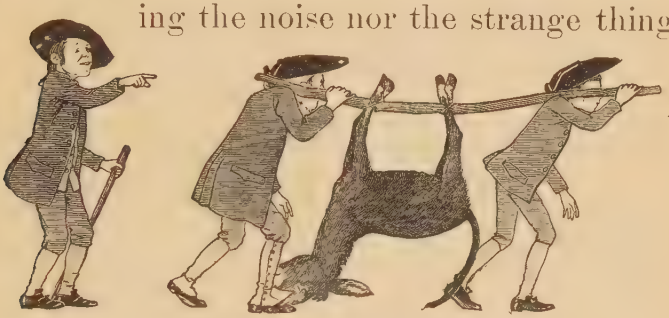
"Yes," said the old man.

"One would not have thought so from the way you load him," said the other. "Why, you two are better able to carry the poor beast than he you."

8. So the miller and his son got off the donkey, and tied his legs together and hung him

on a pole. They took him on their shoulders and marched off over a bridge to the town.

9. This funny sight brought the people in crowds to laugh at it. The donkey, not liking the noise nor the strange things



They marched off with the donkey.

that were done to him, began to struggle to set himself free. At last he broke the cords, and fell into the river and was drowned.

10. Upon this the old man, angry and ashamed, made the best of his way home again. By trying to please everybody he had pleased nobody, and had lost his donkey into the bargain.

Write in your own words the story of the miller, his son, and their donkey.

What lesson ought the miller to have learned from the loss of his donkey?

crĕst	bē stĭrṣ′	Quāk′ẽr
mē*a*d	gā*y*′lў	Lĭn̲′cō*l*n

Robert of Lincoln

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountainside or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is this nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers,
Chee, chee, chee!"

2. Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright, black wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders, and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note,
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look what a nice new coat is mine;
Sure, there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee!"

3. Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee!"

4. Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight,
There, as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife that never goes out
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee!"

5. Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;

Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee!"

6. Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows,
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee!"

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

A "mead" is a meadow.
"Flecked" means spotted.
"Bestir" means to stir about.
"Humdrum" means dull, stupid.
A "crone" is an old woman or man.

com plex'ion ē'qual rĭght'lў

The Fox and the Crow

1. A crow, having stolen a piece of cheese, held it firmly in her beak and perched in a tree. A fox, who was very hungry, took the following means to get the cheese for himself.

The crow

2. "How handsome is the crow!" he exclaimed. "How beautiful is her shape and how fair her complexion! Oh, if her voice were only equal to her beauty, she might rightly be called the queen of birds!"

3. This he said in a soft voice. The crow, anxious to show that her voice was equal to her other charms, set up a loud caw, and dropped the cheese.

The fox caught it.

4. The fox caught it as it fell. "My good crow," said he, "your voice is all right, but your wit is wanting."

Beware of flatterers.

I Cŏn nĕct′ĭ cŭt	Hä *wāi*′ĭ	bō*a*rd
con ven′ience	tā′rō	sûrf′ bāth ĭng
Ha wai′ian	pō′ĭ	pĕt′tĕd
pō tā′tōes	II găl′lōp	patch′work

Hawaiian Children

I

1. To the boy or girl who has always lived on the island of Hawaii, the world must seem rather small. The island is only about as large as Connecticut, while the nearest mainland is thousands of miles away.

2. Yet the people care little how large or how small their island is. They love it dearly; for it is their home, and a beautiful one it is.

3. In many ways the Hawaiian children are the happiest in the world. This is not because more is done to make them enjoy themselves. It is because they make the best of everything and are contented with what they have.

4. Hawaiian children are pretty, in spite of their dark, shiny skin. They have beautiful brown eyes, curly hair, and merry mouths. Their teeth are white and even.

The country is so warm that the children wear little clothing or none at all. This is a great convenience for swimming or playing in the water, as it saves the trouble of dressing and undressing again half a dozen times a day.

5. Many beautiful flowers are found on the island of Hawaii, and the people are very fond of them. Men wear them in their hats. Women and girls wear them in their hair, changing them as soon as they become the least bit withered. They fasten long chains of blossoms or ferns about the waist, or hang them from one shoulder. These chains look very pretty over the bright-colored dresses, making the people look as if they were always dressed for a picnic or holiday feast.

Hawaiian children

6. Every house is surrounded by a garden full of flowers of many kinds. The houses are covered with trailing vines, so

that, together with the gardens, they are like fairy bowers.

7. What do the little Hawaiians like to eat? They eat sweet potatoes and the native fruits, but their favorite dish is poi. Poi is made of the roots of a plant called taro, which is a kind of lily. At dinner time a large dish of poi is placed on the floor, and all the members of the family sit about it, dipping their fingers into the dish.

8. The Hawaiians are fond of fish also. They eat these raw, taking bites from the head end first. Seaweed, also, is used for food.

II

9. The great amusements of the Hawaiians are swimming, boating, and riding horseback. They often ride in companies of from fifteen to twenty, always at a gallop, so that it looks as if they were racing.

10. The Hawaiians are used to being in and on the water from babyhood. Surf-bathing is a favorite sport. The boys go into the water with smoothly polished boards, from six

to nine feet long. Carrying these boards under their arms, the boys wade or swim out into the breakers. Then they dive, and are not seen again till their black heads come up far from shore.

11. When they meet a very high wave, they leap to its top, lying face downwards on the boards. As the waves roll in, the boys look as if they were sliding down hill. They are carried toward the shore as fast as a railroad train runs on land. When it would seem as if they must be dashed to pieces, they either wade quietly ashore or, sliding off their boards, dive under the surf and go out to sea again.

12. Surf-boating is another sport. The surf-boat is long, deep, and narrow. It starts in on a huge wave, which carries it all the way to the shore if the boat is well managed; if not, it sometimes swings around, or turns bottom upward. This does not frighten the Hawaiians, however; for, if their boat is upset, they simply swim ashore.

13. The children have few playthings, but

they are fond of pets. Almost every child has a dog or a cat, which is petted, sung, and talked to, as dolls are by the little girls in this country.

14. All the children are sent to school eight months a year. They walk if they must, but, if it is possible, they swim. They learn to read and write, having just the same studies as the boys and girls in our schools.

15. As for learning to work, there is not very much to be done. The girls learn to cook their few simple dishes. They make their own dresses and piece patchwork quilts. The boys do what little gardening there is to be done, and learn how to raise and prepare the taro root from which poi is made.

Write these words in pairs; as, withered, fresh:

withered, dark, pretty, shallow, narrow, fair, low, smooth, high, cold, broad, fresh, ugly, deep, warm, rough.

Make sentences telling what each of the following does; as, The river flows.

Then change each sentence so as to make it mean more than one; as, Rivers flow.

river	flag	vine	flower	wave	child
waves	blooms	rolls	trails	learns	flows

pre′cious	tŏr′rent	făsh′*i*ŏn	cŏb′wĕb
pûr sū′ĭng	lŭl′*l*ȧ bȳ	dē fẽr*red*′	lĕġ′ĕnd
dē mûr*red*′	flĕ*dġe*′lĭng	grĭst	bĭd′*d*en

Work

1. Sweet wind, fair wind, where have you been?
   "I've been sweeping the cobwebs out of the sky;
   I've been grinding a grist in the mill hard by;
   I've been laughing at work, while others sigh;
   Let those laugh who win!"

2. Sweet rain, soft rain, what are you doing?
   "I'm urging the corn to fill out its cells;
   I'm helping the lily to fashion its bells;

I'm swelling the torrent and brimming
the wells;
Is that worth pursuing?"

3. Redbreast, redbreast, what have you done?
"I've been watching the nest where my
fledgelings lie;
I've sung them to sleep with a lullaby;
By and by I shall teach them to fly,
Up and away, every one!"

4. Honeybee, honeybee, where are you going?
"To fill my basket with precious pelf;
To toil for my neighbor as well as myself;
To find out the sweetest flower that
grows,
Be it a thistle or be it a rose—
A secret worth the knowing!"

5. Wind and rain fulfilling His word!
Tell me was ever a legend heard
Where the wind, commanded to blow,
deferred;
Or the rain that was bidden to fall, de-
murred?

MARY N. PRESCOTT

I à grēe′à ble ăc count′ hīgh′wāy
sĕ vēre′ ĕm ploy′ẽr v mĭṣ′ẽr à ble
Dăf′fў down dĭl′lў swĕat ma gi′cian
II hĕṣ′ĭ tāt ĕd III fär′thẽr toil′sŏme
cŏn fĕssed′ IV fĭd′dlẽr ăp prọv′al

Little Daffydowndilly

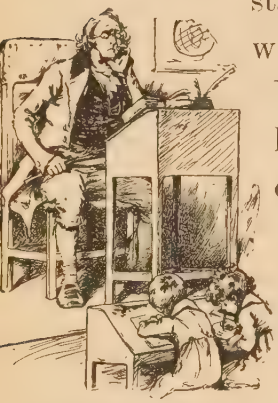
I

1. Daffydowndilly was so called because he was like a flower, and loved to do only what was agreeable, and took no delight in labor of any kind.

2. But while Daffydowndilly was yet a little boy, his mother sent him away from home and put him under the care of a very strict schoolmaster, who went by the name of Mr. Toil. Those who knew him best said that this Mr. Toil was a very good man and had done more good, both to children and grown people, than anybody else in the world.

3. Yet Mr. Toil had a severe and ugly face, especially for such little boys or big men as were idle. His voice, too, was harsh. All his ways seemed very disagreeable to our friend Daffydowndilly.

4. The whole day long the old schoolmaster sat at his desk overlooking the children, or stalked about the schoolroom with a birch rod in his hand. Unless a lad chose to attend to his book, he had no chance of enjoying a quiet moment.



Mr. Toil in the schoolroom

5. "This will never do for me," said Daffydowndilly to himself when he had been at school about a week. "I'll run away and try to find my dear mother. At any rate, I shall never find anybody half so disagreeable as this old Mr. Toil!"

II

6. So, the very next morning, off started poor Daffydowndilly. He had gone only a short distance, when he overtook a man who was trudging along the road.

7. "Good-morning, my fine lad," said the stranger, and his voice seemed hard and severe, but yet had a sort of kindness in it;

"whence do you come so early and whither are you going?"

8. Little Daffydowndilly had never been known to tell a lie in all his life. Nor did he tell one now. He hesitated a moment or two, but at last confessed that he had run away from school on account of his great dislike for Mr. Toil.

9. "Oh, very well, my little friend!" answered the stranger. "Then we will go together. I, too, have had a good deal to do with Mr. Toil, and should be glad to find some place where he was never heard of."

10. Our friend Daffydowndilly would have been better pleased with some one of his own age, with whom he might have gathered flowers along the roadside, or have chased butterflies, or have done other things to make the journey pleasant. But he agreed to go with the stranger, and they walked on together.

11. They had not gone far, when the road passed by a field where some haymakers were at work. Daffydowndilly was delighted with

the sweet smell of the hay. He thought how much pleasanter it must be to make hay in the sunshine, under the blue sky, than to be shut up in a schoolroom with old Mr. Toil; but while he was stopping to peep over the stone wall, he started back and caught hold of his companion's hand.

12. "Quick, quick!" cried he. "Let us run away, or he will catch us!"

"Who will catch us?" asked the stranger.

"Mr. Toil, the old schoolmaster!" answered Daffydowndilly. "Don't you see him among the haymakers?"

13. And Daffydowndilly pointed to an old man, who seemed to be the employer of the men at work there. He was busily at work in his shirt-sleeves. The drops of sweat stood upon his brow; but he gave himself not a moment's rest, and kept crying out to the haymakers to make hay while the sun shone. Now, strange to say, this old farmer looked just like old Mr. Toil.

14. "Don't be afraid," said the stranger. "This is not Mr. Toil the schoolmaster, but a

brother of his. People say he is the more disagreeable man of the two. However, he won't trouble you unless you become a laborer on the farm."

Yet little Daffydowndilly was very glad when they were out of sight of the old farmer, who looked so much like Mr. Toil.

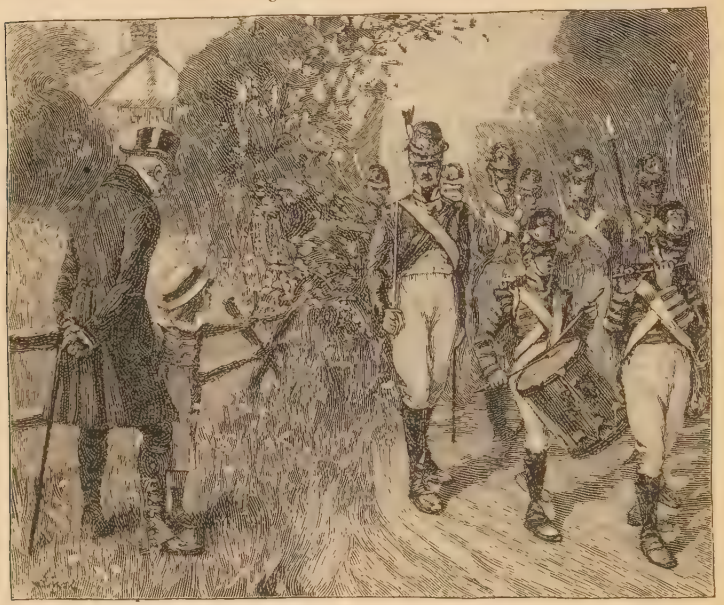
III

15. Then they went on a little farther, and soon heard the sound of a drum and fife. Daffydowndilly begged his companion to hurry forward, that they might not miss seeing the soldiers.

16. So they made what haste they could, and soon met a company of soldiers, gayly dressed, with muskets on their shoulders. In front marched two drummers and two fifers, making such lively music that little Daffydowndilly would gladly have followed them to the end of the world. And if he were only a soldier, then, he said to himself, old Mr. Toil would never dare look him in the face.

17. "Forward, march!" shouted a gruff voice.

Little Daffydowndilly started, in great dismay. This voice which had spoken to the soldiers sounded just like that which he had



"Forward, march!" shouted a gruff voice.

heard every day in Mr. Toil's schoolroom, out of Mr. Toil's own mouth.

18. Turning his eyes to the captain of the company, what should he see but the very image of old Mr. Toil himself, in a fine uniform, with a long sword, instead of a birch rod, in his hand. In spite of all this, he looked

quite as ugly and disagreeable as when he was hearing lessons in the schoolroom.

19. "This is certainly old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly in a trembling voice. "Let us run away."

"You are mistaken again, my little friend," replied the stranger. "This is not Mr. Toil the schoolmaster, but a brother of his who has served in the army all his life. People say he's a very severe fellow, but you and I need not be afraid of him."

20. "Well, well," said little Daffydowndilly; "but, if you please, sir, I don't want to see the soldiers any more."

So the child and the stranger went on.

IV

21. By and by they came to a house by the roadside, where a number of people were making merry. Young men and rosy-cheeked girls were dancing to the sound of a fiddle. It was the pleasantest sight that Daffydowndilly had yet met with.

22. "Oh, let us stop here," cried he to his companion; "for Mr. Toil will never dare

show his face where there is a fiddler, and where people are dancing and making merry. We shall be quite safe here!"

23. But these last words died away upon Daffydowndilly's tongue. Happening to cast his eyes on the fiddler, whom should he see again but the likeness of Mr. Toil, holding a fiddle bow instead of a birch rod. Daffydowndilly even fancied that he nodded and winked at him, and made signs for him to join in the dance.

Mr. Pleasure

24. "Oh, dear me!" whispered he, turning pale; "it seems as if there was nobody but Mr. Toil in the world. Who could have thought of his playing on a fiddle?"

25. "This is not your old schoolmaster," said the stranger, "but another brother of his, who is a fiddler. He is ashamed of his family, and generally calls himself Mr. Pleasure. But his real name is Toil, and those who have known him best think him still more disagreeable than his brother."

"Let us go a little farther," said Daffydowndilly. "I don't like the looks of this fiddler at all."

26. Well, thus the stranger and little Daffydowndilly went wandering along the highway, and in shady lanes and through pleasant villages.

27. Wherever they went, there was the image of old Mr. Toil. He stood like a scarecrow in the cornfields. If they entered a house, he sat in the parlor. If they peeped into the kitchen, he was there. He made himself at home in every cottage, and stole, in one shape or another, into the finest houses. Everywhere there was sure to be one of the old schoolmaster's many hard-working brothers.

V

28. Little Daffydowndilly was almost tired to death, when he saw some people lying in a shady place by the side of the road. The poor child begged his companion that they might sit down there and take some rest.

29. "Old Mr. Toil will never come here,"

said he, "for he hates to see people taking their ease."

But, even while he spoke, Daffydowndilly's eyes fell upon a person who seemed the laziest of all those lazy people who had lain down to sleep in the shade. Who should it be again but the very image of Mr. Toil!

30. "There is a large family of these Toils," said the stranger. "This is another of the old schoolmaster's brothers, who has very idle habits and goes by the name of Mr. Do Nothing. He pretends to lead an easy life, but is really the most miserable fellow in the family."

31. "Oh, take me back! take me back!" cried poor little Daffydowndilly, bursting into tears. "If there is nothing but Toil all over the world, I may just as well go back to the schoolhouse!"

32. "There it is—there is the schoolhouse," said the stranger; for though he and little Daffydowndilly had taken a great many steps, they had traveled in a circle instead of a straight line. "Come, we will go back to school together."

33. There was something in his companion's voice that little Daffydowndilly now remembered; and it is strange that he had not remembered it sooner. Looking up into his face, there again was the likeness of old Mr. Toil. The poor child had been in company with Toil all day, even while he was doing his best to run away from him.

34. Some people, who have heard little Daffydowndilly's story, believe that old Mr. Toil was a magician and that he could change himself into any shape.

Be this as it may, little Daffydowndilly had learned a good lesson, and from that time forward he worked at his task, because he knew that work is no more toilsome than sport or idleness.

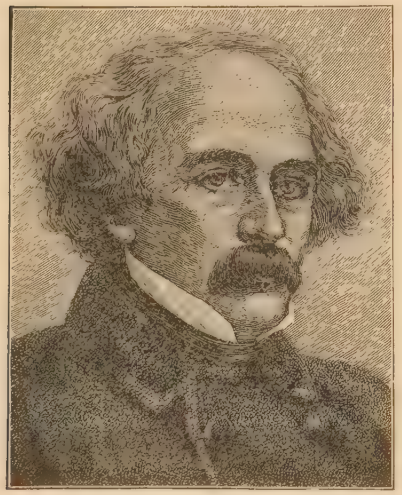
35. And when he knew Mr. Toil better, he began to think that his ways were not so very disagreeable, and that his smile of approval made his face almost as pleasant as even that of Daffydowndilly's mother.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Na thăn′ i ĕl Ha*w*′thôrn*e* pas tim*e*
cŏm′fort à blў pŭb′lĭsh*ed*

Nathaniel Hawthorne

1. You have read the story of Daffydowndilly. Now I will tell you something about the man who wrote it.



Nathaniel Hawthorne

2. His name was Nathaniel Hawthorne. He was born one Fourth of July nearly a hundred years ago in Salem, Massachusetts.

3. Little Nathaniel was fond of all outdoor sports, and I am afraid he did not care at first for school or study. But one day in playing ball he was hurt. He was lame for a long while, so that he could not play with the other boys. It was then that he took to reading as a pastime.

4. When he was seventeen years old, he entered college. He was in the class with the poet Longfellow, and two or three other men who afterwards became famous.

5. After he left college he went back to his home in Salem, and began to write. People did not care for his books at first, and it was not always easy for him to make money enough to live comfortably.

6. But after a time he became better known, and now many people think that he is the greatest of all our American writers.

7. Mr. Hawthorne, like Mr. Longfellow, loved children, and he wrote several books for them. One of these, called "The Wonder Book," was written for his own children. It is made up of old Greek fairy stories, and after it was published many children wrote to Mr. Hawthorne asking him for another story book. That is how he came to write "Tanglewood Tales" and other books for them.

Copy these sentences and fill in the blanks from memory:

.... wrote the story of Daffydowndilly.

Hawthorne was born in ....

His birthday was on the ....

He wrote .... for his children.

The children begged him to write another book for them, and he wrote ....

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

LONGFELLOW

Farewell Advice

1. Farewell, dear child, I have no song to give thee.
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
But ere we part one lesson I would leave thee,
For every day.

2. Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever.
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever,
One grand, sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

Words in Third Reader

This list of the more difficult words in this reader will be useful for review exercises in enunciation, pronunciation, spelling, and language work.

à bĕd′
ăc count′
Ād jĭ dạu′-mō
à dŏpt′
ăd vĕn′tūre
ăd vēr tīse′
Æ′ō lŭs
ăf fĕc′tion (shŭn)
à grēe′
à grēe′à ble
âir′ў
ăl low′
à loud′
À mĕr′ĭ ca
à nĕm′ō nē
à nŏn′
ănt′lēr
ăn′vĭl
anxious (ăṇk′shŭs)
ăp pēar′ançe
ăp prọv′al
Är′bor Dāy
à shāmed′
Ăt à lăn′tà
ăt tăck′
ăt tĕmpt′
ăt tĕnd′
băṇ′quĕt
bär′gain (gĕn)
bĕc kon
bĕl′lows
Bĕn′ja mĭn
Frăṇk′lin
Bĕn′jў
bē stīr′
bī′çў cle
bĭd′den
bīrch
bīrth′dāy
blēak
blēat
bōard
bōast′ēr
bŏb′ō lĭṇk
bŏd′ў guärd
bŏn′nĕt
Bôs′ton
boy′hŏod
brăm′ble
brạwn′y
Brà zĭl′
bristle (brĭs′sl)
bûr′dŏck
bụsh′ў
bus′ĭ lў (bĭz)
cā′dĭ
cälm
Cām′brĭdge
căm′ĕl
cà năl′
câre′fụl lў
chīef
choir (kwīr)
Chrĭs′to pher (fēr)
Cŏ lŭm′bŭs
Çīr′çē
çīr′cŭs
clĕv′ēr
cloud′ў
cōast
cŏb′wĕb
cŏl′lĕge
cŏm′fort à-blў
cŏm′mŏn
cŏm păn′ion (yŭn)
cŏm′pà nў
complexion (cŏm plĕk′-shŭn)
cŏm′pound
cŏm′răde
cŏn fĕss′
Cŏn nĕct′ĭ-cŭt

cŏn vĕn′ience (yens)
cŏn vēn′ient (yent)
cŏr′al
cŏt′ton
cough (côf)
coun′tēr-pāne
coŭr′ăge
cōurse
crăg′gў
crēa′tŭre
crĕst
crĭsp′ў
cŭd′dle
cupboard (cŭb′bērd)
cū′rĭ oŭs
cûr′tăin
cûrt′sied

Dăf′fў-down dĭl′lў
dāle
dān′gēr
dăp′ple-grāy
därk′nĕss
dạwn

dė clâre′
dė fēat′ĕd
dė fĕnd′
dė fērred′
dĕl′ĭ cāte
dė līght′fụl
dė mûrred′
dĕr′vĭsh
dĕṣ′ert
dė spīṣed′
dė tēr′mĭne
dĭ′å mond
dĭf′fēr
dĭf′fēr ent
dīke
dĭ rĕc′tion
dĭrt′ў
dĭs cŏv′ēr
dĭs cŭss′
dĭs grāçe′
dĭs mount′
dĭs tançe
dĭ vīde′
dŏṇ′kĕў
doŭ′bled
dŏve
drăgged
drĭft′ĕd
drĭll

drōne
dŭck′lĭng

dwạrf

ēa′gle
ēarn
ēaṣ′ĭ lў
ēast
ĕf′fort (fûrt)
ĕl′ĕ phant (fant)
ĕm ploy′ēr
ĕn chânt′ĕd
ĕn chânt′rĕss
England (ĭṇ′gland)
English (ĭṇ′glĭsh)
ē′qual
ĕs cāpe′
Ēū′rŏpe
Ē văn′ġe lĭne
ē′vĭl
ĕx ăct′lў
excepting (ĕk sĕpt′ĭng)
excited (ĕk sīt′ĕd)
ĕx cūse′

ĕx trēme′lў
ĕx ŭlt′ĕd

fāith′fụl lў
făm′ĭ lў
fā′moŭs
fär′thēr
făsh′iŏn
fēe′ble
fĭd′dlēr
fiērçe
fĭg′ûre
flăx
flĕdġe′lĭng
flēet
fōrġe
fôr′tū nāte
fôr′tŭne
fôught
fōur′tēen
frāil

Françe
frĕsh′nĕss
fū′tŭre

găl′lŏp
gạuze
gāy′lў

ġĕ ŏg′rå phy (fў)
ġĕ rā′nĭ ŭm
Gēr′ma nў
ġī′ant
glânçe
glĭt′tēr
glōōm′ў
gŏŏd-tĕm′-pēred
grāçe
grāze
Grēeçe
grēed′ĭ lў
grief
grĭst
grọup
grŭb
guide

hăp′pĭ lў
här′bor
härm′lĕss
här′vĕst
hās′ten
hătch′ĕt
Hä waī′ĭ
Hawaiian (Hä wī′yan)
heärth
hĕdġe
Hĕn′rў
Hŏl′land
hŏn′ĕs tў
hŏn′or
hŏŏk

Ĭ ä′gōō
ĭm mē′dĭ-ăte lў
ĭm pēr′tĭ-nent
ĭm pôr′tant
Ĭn′dĭ an
ĭn fēr′
ĭn fēr′red′
ĭn′nŏ çent
ĭn′stant
ĭn tĕnd′
īs′land
Ĭt′å lў

jăck′ĕt
Jāmeş′town
jew′ĕl (jū)
joûr′neў
jūiçe

kā′tў dĭd
kīnd′lў
kĭng′dŏm
knēel
knĭt
knīveş

lād′en
lăn′guåġe
laugh′tēr (läf)
lēad′en
lēad′ēr
lēaf′ lĕt
lĕġ′ĕnd
Lĭn′cŏln
lĭn′nĕt
loud′lў
Lū′çў
lŭl′å bў

må çhïne′
magician (må ġĭsh′an)
Mähn gō-tāy′sēe
māid′en
măn′åġe
mā′ple
märk
märks′man
märsh′ma rў
măr′vĕl oŭs
Māy′flow ẽr
mēad
mēr′chant
mēr′çў
mĭd′rĭb
mĭş′ēr å ble
mĭs fôr′tûne
mĭst′ў
mois′tûre
mŏn′stẽr
mōpe
mŭd′dў

năr'rŏw
Na thăn'ĭ ĕl
Hạw'thôrne
nę*igh*
nĕs'*t*lĭng
nī*gh*
noiṣ'ў
Nō kō'mĭs
nôr*th*'ērn
nŏs'trĭl
nŏ*tch*
nō'tĭçe
nûrs'ēr ў

ŏb jĕct'
ŏ blīġe'
Ŏ dў's*e*ụs
ôr'chard
ō'rĭ ōl*e*
ŏs'trĭch
ŏx'*e*n

pā'tient
(shent)
pēaṣ
pēer
pĕn'nў
pērch
pĕt'tĕd
pī'rāt*e*
pĭ*tch*'ēr
pleas'ûr*e*
(plĕzh)
plī*gh*t
plow'boy
plŭ*ck*
Pō cā hŏn'tăs
pŏ*ck*'ĕt
pō'ĕt
pŏ'ĭ
pŏl'ĭ tĭcs
pŏl'lĕn
pŏl'ўp
pŏp'lar
pŏ tā'tŏeṣ
pōul'trў
Pow hă tăn'
prāi'rĭe
prāiṣe
precious
(prĕsh'us)
prĕṣ'ent lў

pret'tĭ lў
(prĭt)
preẏ
prĭ*ck*
prĭnçe
prĭn'çĕs*s*
prĭṣ'*on*
prĭṣ'*on* ēr
procession
(prō sĕsh'ŭn)
prŏb'bēr
prō pōṣe'
pụd'dĭng
pụl'pĭt
pŭmp'kĭn
pŭn'ĭsh
pûr sūe'

quāi*l*
Quāk'ēr
quạr'rĕl-sŏme
quay (kē)
quĕs'tion
(chŭn)
quĭv'ēr

răg'gĕd
răs'cal

rē*a*ch
rē*a*'ṣon
rĕg'ŭ lar
rę*ei*n'dēer
rė pōṣe'
rĕs'cūe
rė ṣĭst'
rė spĕct'
rė trē*a*t'ĕd
rī*gh*t'lў
rŏb'bēr
rōe'bŭck
rōōk
rōōt'lĕt
rụ'bĭeṣ
rŭf'fled
rŭsh'ў
rŭs'*t*lĭng

sạlt
săv'ăġe
sĕc'ọnd
sēi*z*e
sēr'mŏn
sērv'ant
sērv*e*
sĕt'tlēr
sĕv'ēr al
sė vēre'
sew (sō)

sĕx′tŏn
shĕl′tēr
shĕp′*h*ērd
shĭv′ēr
shŏck*e*d
shōr*e*
shō*u*l′dēr
sĭlk′*e*n
sĭlk′ў
sĭm′pl*e*
sĭn′ew ў (ŭ)
sĭn′gl*e*
sĭx′tў
skў′lärk
sl*e**igh*
slĕn′dēr
smĭth′ў
snīp*e*
Sō*a*n gē tä′-hä
sō′fä
sōwn
spär′rō*w*
special (spĕsh′al)
spĭn′dl*e*
spīt*e*′fụl
spŏt′tĕd
squạl*l*
squīr′rĕl
stōl′*e*n
stôrk
sträi*n*′ēr
strĕngth
shōu*l*′dēr
strŭg′gl*e*
sŭb′jĕct
sŭlk′ў
sŭn′bŏn nĕt
sŭp′pēr
sŭp plў′
sûrf′ bäth-ĭng
sŭr round′
sŭs pĕct′
swĕ*a*t
swĭft′nĕs*s*
swŭng
tā′rō
tạ*ugh*t
tē*a*s*e*
tĕr′ror
Thạnks′gĭv-ĭng
th*i*ēv*e*s
thou′sand
thrĕ*a*t
tīr*e*′sōm*e*
toil′sōm*e*
tŏr′rent
trōōp
trŭ*dg*e
trŭn′dl*e*
trŭst
tŭck
tŭft
tŭm′bl*e*
twĕlv*e*
twĭg
twĭt′tēr
tў′fŭn
ŭm brĕl′lä
ŭn cōm′fort-ạ bl*e*
ŭn ēa*s*′ў
ŭn fōld′
ū′nĭ fôrm
ūn′ion (yŭn)
ŭp′rī*gh*t
ûrg*e*
văn′ĭsh
vä rī′ē tў
vĕl′vĕt
vĭc′tĭm
vĭl′lạ*g*e
Vīr ġĭn′ĭ ạ
vĭs′ĭt or voy′ạ*g*e
wạd′dl*e*
wā′gĕs
wăg′ŏn ēr
wạl′nŭt
wạr′blēr
wā′rў
wē*e*
whạrf
whĕth′ēr
whĭp′pĭng
whĭs′*tl*e
whĭz
wĭd′ō*w*
wĭl′lō*w*
wĭ*tch*
wŏŏd′pĕc*k* ēr
wŏŏl′cōm*b* ēr
wŏŏl′ĕn
wor′shĭp (wûr)
*wr*ăp′pēr
*wr*ŏng
*wr*ô*ugh*t
*yo*ūth

Phonic Chart

Vowels

ā *as in* hāte
ǡ *as in* senǡte
ă *as in* hăt
ä *as in* färr
ạ *as in* ạll
å *as in* åsk
â *as in* câre
ē *as in* mē
ė̄ *as in* bėlieve
ĕ *as in* mĕt
ē *as in* hēr
ī *as in* pīne
ı̆ *as in* ı̆dea
ĭ *as in* pĭn
ī *as in* sīr
ō *as in* nōte
o̊ *as in* vio̊let
ŏ *as in* nŏt
ū *as in* tūbe
ŭ *as in* pictŭre
ŭ *as in* tŭb
u̇ *as in* pu̇ll
û *as in* fûr
u̇ *as in* ru̇de
oi, oy *as in* oil, toy
ou, ow *as in* out, now
o͞o *as in* mo͞on
o͝o *as in* fo͝ot

Equivalents

ạ=ŏ *as in* whạt
e͟=ā *as in* the͟y
ê=å *as in* thêre
ï=ē *as in* polïce
ī=ē *as in* bīrd
o͟=o͞o *as in* do͟
o͟=o͝o *or* u̇ *as in* wo͟man
ô=ạ *as in* hôrse
o̊=ŭ *as in* so̊n
ȳ=ī *as in* flȳ
y̆=ı̆ *as in* hy̆mn

Consonants

c *as in* call
ç *as in* çent
ch *as in* chase
ch *as in* chorus
çh *as in* çhaise
g *as in* get
ġ *as in* ġem
s *as in* same
s̱ *as in* has̱
th *as in* thin
th *as in* this
n̲ (=ng) *as in* in̲k
x (=ks) *as in* vex
x̱ (=gs) *as in* ex̱ist